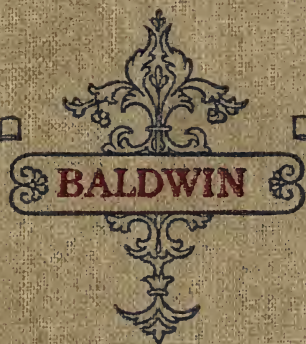


SCHOOL READING BY GRADES FOURTH YEAR



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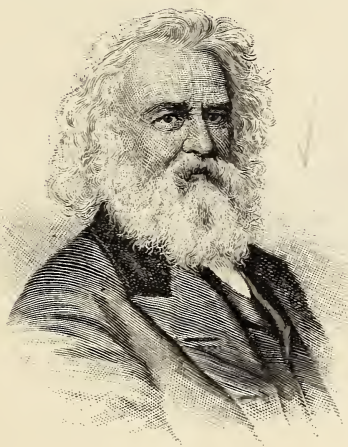
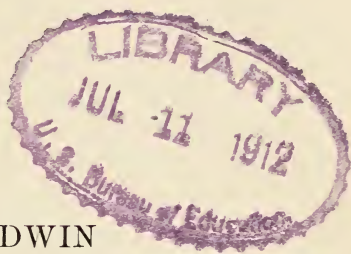


SCHOOL READING BY GRADES

FOURTH YEAR

BY

JAMES BALDWIN



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NEW YORK .:. CINCINNATI .:. CHICAGO
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PREFACE.

THE paramount object of this book, no less than of the lower numbers of the series, is to help the pupil to become a good reader. To be a good reader, one must not only be able to pronounce all the words in a given lesson, but he must have so thorough an understanding of the selection to be read that he involuntarily makes the thoughts and feelings of the author his own. An exercise in reading should, therefore, always be a pleasure to those who participate in it. It should never in any sense be regarded as a task. Children who like to read are pretty sure to become good readers; and the easiest way to teach reading is to make every recitation full of interest and a source of delight. But this is not all. Careless habits must be avoided. Distinct enunciation and correct pronunciation must be insisted upon and secured. It is not enough that the reader himself understands and is interested. He must make his hearers understand also, and that without effort, and he must give them such pleasure that they shall not soon become weary of listening to him.

The lessons in this volume have been prepared and arranged with a view towards several ends: to interest the young reader; to cultivate a taste for the best style of literature as regards both thought and expression; to point the way to an acquaintance with good books; to appeal to the pupil's sense of duty, and strengthen his desire to do right; to arouse patriotic feelings and a just pride in the achievements of our countrymen; and incidentally to add somewhat to the learner's knowledge of history and science and art.

The illustrations will prove to be valuable adjuncts to the text. Spelling, defining, and punctuation should receive special attention. Difficult words and idiomatic expressions should be carefully studied with the aid of the Word List at the end of the volume. Persistent and systematic practice in the pronunciation of these words and of other difficult combinations of sounds will aid in training the pupils' voices to habits of careful articulation and correct enunciation.

While literary biography can be of but little, if any, value in cultivating literary taste, it is desirable that pupils should acquire some slight knowledge of the writers whose productions are placed before them for study. To assist in the acquisition of this knowledge, and also to serve for ready reference, a few pages of Biographical Notes are inserted towards the end of the volume. The brief rules given on page 6 should be learned at the beginning, and carefully and constantly observed.

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TO THE YOUNG LEARNER.



To be able to read well, there are several simple rules which you should remember and try to observe : —

Before attempting to read any selection aloud, read it to yourself in order that you may acquaint yourself with its difficulties.

If there is any part of it that you do not comprehend, read it again and try to get at its meaning.

Study to understand every peculiar expression and every difficult word.

From the Word List at the end of this volume, or from a dictionary, learn the meaning of every difficult word.

Practice reading aloud to yourself at home.

Try to discover and correct your own faults.

Be sure to pronounce, clearly and properly, every syllable and every word.

If any combination of sounds is hard to articulate, practice pronouncing it until you can speak it properly and without effort.

In reading aloud try to read in the same natural tones that you use in talking. Be careful to avoid all strained, harsh, or discordant tones.

Remember that good reading is only conversation from the book, and that it should always give pleasure to both the reader and his hearers.

Avoid all careless habits of expression.

It will be easier to read well if you sit or stand with your head erect and your shoulders thrown well back ; then you can breathe easily, freely, and naturally, and it will not be hard to speak each word clearly and properly.

Try so to render each thought or passage as to interpret, in the most natural and forcible manner, the meaning intended by the author.

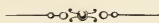
Study to appreciate the beauty, the truthfulness, the appropriateness of that which you are reading.

Ask yourself constantly : “ Am I reading this so well that my hearers are pleased and interested ? ”

Try to improve every day.

SCHOOL READING.

FOURTH YEAR.



DANIEL WEBSTER'S FIRST SPEECH.

On a farm among the hills of New Hampshire, there once lived a little boy whose name was Daniel Webster. He was a tiny fellow, with jet-black hair and eyes so dark and wonderful that nobody who
5 once saw them could ever forget them.

He was not strong enough to help much on the farm; and so he spent much of his time in playing in the woods and learning to know and love the trees and flowers, and the harmless wild creatures
10 that lived among them.

But he did not play all the time. Long before he was old enough to go to school, he learned to read; and he read so well that everybody was pleased, and no one grew tired of listening to him.
15 The neighbors, when driving past his father's house, would stop their horses in the road, and call for Dannie Webster to come out and read to them.

At that time there were no children's books, such

as you have now; and there were but very few books of any kind in the homes of the New Hampshire farmers. But Daniel read such books as he could get; and he read them over and over again till he knew all that was in them. In this way he 5 learned a great deal of the Bible so well that he could repeat verse after verse without making a mistake; and these he remembered as long as he lived.

Daniel's father was not only a farmer, but he was a judge in the county court. He had great love for 10 the law, and he hoped that Daniel when he became a man would be a lawyer.

It happened one summer that a woodchuck made its burrow in the side of a hill not far from Mr. Webster's house. 15 On warm, dark nights it would come down into the garden and eat the tender leaves of the cab-



bage and other plants that were growing there. Nobody knew how much harm it might do in 20 the end.

Daniel and his brother Ezekiel made up their minds to catch the little thief; but for a long time it was too cunning for them. At last they built a strong trap where the woodchuck would be sure to 25 walk into it; and the next morning there he was.

"Here he is at last!" cried Ezekiel. "Now, Mr.

Woodchuck, you've done mischief enough, and I'm going to kill you."

But Daniel took pity on the poor beast. "No, don't hurt him," he said. "Let us carry him over
5 the hills far into the woods, and let him go."

Ezekiel had not so tender a heart as his brother. He was bent on killing the woodchuck, and laughed at the thought of letting it go.

"Let us ask father about it," said Daniel.

10 And so they carried the trap, with the woodchuck in it, to their father, and asked what they should do.

"Well, boys," said Mr. Webster, "we will settle the question in this way. We will hold a court right here. I will be the judge and you shall be the
15 lawyers; and you shall each plead your case for or against the prisoner."

Ezekiel opened the case. He told about the mischief which the prisoner had done, and showed that all woodchucks are very bad creatures and can not be
20 trusted. He said that a great deal of time and labor had been spent in catching this thief, and that if they should set him free he would be a worse thief than before, and too cunning to be caught again.

He then went on to say that the woodchuck's skin
25 was worth a few cents; but that, to make the most of it, it could not be sold for half enough to pay for the cabbage that had been eaten. "And so," he

said, "since this creature is only a thief and of more value dead than alive, he ought to be put out of the way at once."

Ezekiel's speech was a good one, and it pleased his father very much. What he had said was true and 5 to the point, and the judge could not think how Daniel was going to make any answer to it.



Daniel began to plead for the life of the poor animal.

But Daniel looked up into the judge's face, and began to plead for the life of the poor animal. He said:

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live 10 in the bright sunlight and the pure air; to enjoy the free fields and the green woods. The woodchuck has as much right to life as any other living thing; for God gave it to him.

“God gives us our food. He gives us all that we have; and shall we not spare a little dumb creature that has as much right to his share of God’s gifts as we have to ours? Yes, more; the woodchuck has
5 never broken the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often does.

“He is not a fierce animal like the wolf or the fox. He lives in quiet and peace; a hole in the side of a hill, with a little food, is all that he wants. He has
10 harmed nothing but a few plants which he ate to keep himself alive. He has a right to life, to food, to liberty; and we have no right to say that he shall not have them.

“Look at his soft, pleading eyes. See him tremble
15 with fear. He can not speak for himself, and this is the only way in which he can plead for the life that is so sweet to him. Shall we be so selfish and cruel as to take from him that life which God gave him?”

20 By this time the tears had started in the eyes of the judge. The father’s heart was stirred within him, and he felt that God had given him a son whose name would some day be known to the world.

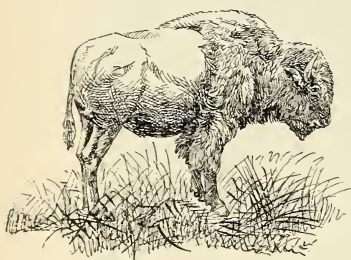
He did not wait for Daniel to finish his speech.
25 He sprang to his feet; he dashed the tears from his eyes, and cried out: “Ezekiel, let the woodchuck go!”

BISONS AND BUFFALOES.

I.

Not many years ago there lived on the grassy plains of the West great herds of animals called buffaloes. In many ways they were like wild cattle, but they were larger and stronger, and had never been tame. They were not true buffaloes, but 5 bisons. Sometimes there were thousands of these bisons in a herd. The largest herds were made up of a great many small herds which came together at certain times or places and then moved apart again.

When left to themselves, they wandered slowly 10 from place to place, eating the tall grass as they went. In the early summer their course was commonly toward the north; but when the days began to grow shorter, they turned and 15 made their way back toward the south.



The American Bison.

With their big heads and long, thick manes, bisons have not a very pleasant look. But they are not as fierce as you might think. Huge 20 as they are, they are timid animals. If they are let alone, they are not likely to hurt any one. They know their strength, but they use it only in taking care of themselves.

Their bodies are not so clumsy as they seem. On the plains they could move very quickly when they tried, and they traveled very fast. When a great herd of bisons was once set to going, nothing could
 5 stop it. Over hilly and rocky country where a horse could hardly walk, these animals would move at a rapid rate. Did they come to a broad river? They would leap in and swim across. Those in front did not dare to stop, for then they would be run over
 10 by those that came behind.

Every herd was commonly followed by wolves. These beasts were always on the lookout for any weak or lame straggler that might fall behind, or wander from the herd; and woe to any little bison
 15 that strayed too far from its mother's side.

When white people first came to this country, the bison was the only animal of the ox kind that they found. It lived then among the great woods as well as on the prairies. But as the country became
 20 settled, these timid animals fled farther and farther west, trying to find some place where they could live in peace and safety. Go where they would, however, there was not much safety for them.

As long as there were bisons on the great plains, the Indians of the West would not leave off their
 25 wild, roving habits. They would rather hunt these animals for food than do any kind of work. They

killed hundreds of bisons every year ; but the next year there were hundreds of young bisons to take the place of those that had been killed, and so the herds were as large as ever.

In winter, hunters and Indians often had no other 5 meat than the dried flesh of the bison. It was prepared by cutting the fresh meat into strips and hanging these strips over a fire until they were quite hard and almost black. It was very much like smoked beef, and the Indians called it "pemmican." The 10 tongue and hump of a bison were the best parts. White hunters would often kill the animals for these parts alone, and then leave the rest of the body to be eaten by the wolves. When railroads were built across the plains, it was soon all over with the bisons. 15

They were killed for their skins and their horns. They were killed for mere sport and cruelty. Men went from the cities to "hunt" them. They shot them sometimes from the car windows. They killed them, just to be killing, without any thought of the 20 suffering that was caused. The man who could shoot the largest number of bisons in a day thought himself a great hero. So many were killed that in some places the ground for miles was covered with the dead bodies or the white bones of the poor beasts. 25

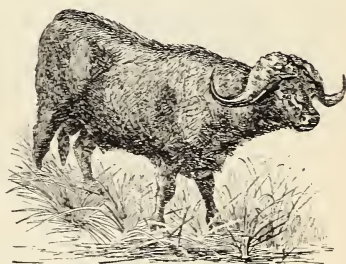
And so there are now no more great herds of bisons. They are no longer known in the places where

they once roamed. Now and then you may see a bison in a show or a menagerie; and it is said that there are two or three small herds in certain of the great parks of our country. These are all. It is
 5 likely that in a few more years not one of these animals will be left alive in all the world.

II.

The true buffalo is very different from the bison. It is found in Africa and India and in the south of Europe, but not in America. There are several
 10 kinds of buffaloes, some wild and some tame. The wild buffalo is a savage animal. He is so large and strong that he is a match for almost any other animal.

These buffaloes, like the bison of our country, live in large herds.
 15 They like to browse in marshy ground where it is easy to find plenty of water. They are very fond of rolling in the mud. Sometimes they sink themselves until
 20 the eyes and nose are all that can be seen above the mud.



The Cape Buffalo.

In the southern part of Africa there lives another kind of buffalo, called the Cape buffalo. The horns of the Cape buffalo are large and long, sometimes
 25 measuring five feet from tip to tip. Near the head

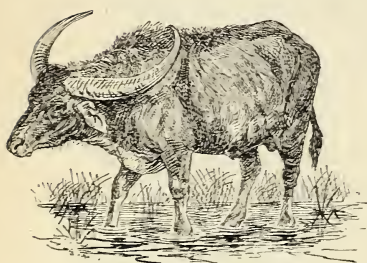
they are so large that they cover the eyes, like the visor of a cap. On this account, an old buffalo when grazing is sometimes unable to see things just in front of him. A hunter may walk safely in the path before him, if he is careful to make no noise, 5 and does not brush against the bushes as he passes along.

The Cape buffalo is about as large as a common ox, but a great deal stronger. It is the fiercest animal of its kind. It has often been known to hide 10 among the tall grass or underbrush, and then rush suddenly out upon any passer-by.

This buffalo is not an easy animal to kill, for the skin is so tough that it will often turn aside a bullet. To shoot one 15 of these animals and fail to kill it instantly is a dangerous thing to do; for a wounded buffalo is a far more terrible foe than an un-

The Indian Buffalo.

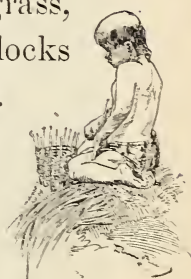
hurt one. In India tame buffaloes 20 are very common—as common as cows and oxen in our country. They are used to draw wagons, to carry burdens, and to do much of the work of a horse on the farms. Sometimes, also, the buffalo cow is useful for the milk which she gives. 25 From this milk the people make a kind of blue butter called ghee.



The care of the buffaloes belonging to a farmhouse is often intrusted to a small boy. In the morning he climbs upon the back of the leader of the herd and rides slowly out to the pasture fields
 5 which are sometimes a long distance from the house. The other cows, seeing their leader moving, fall one by one into line, and with many groans and grunts follow her along the oft-trodden path. When at last the pasture is reached, the boy jumps from
 10 the leader's back and turns her loose to graze. For a while the herd is busy nipping the short grass, moving slowly here and there among the hillocks and stones, and always keeping close together.

The little herdsman, while keeping an eye
 15 upon the herd, amuses himself in a variety of ways. He whistles and sings. He makes little baskets of twigs and long grass in which to imprison grasshoppers, or perhaps a green lizard or two. And so he contrives to
 20 make the earlier part of the long day pass with some comfort and pleasure.

As for the buffaloes, when the noon sun grows hot, they seek out some marshy place where there is water and plenty of mud. There they lie down
 25 and roll until they have covered themselves with a thick coating of slime. Some of them bury themselves in the mud until only their heads can be seen



A Herdsman.

above the surface. Their young master, knowing that they will stay here the rest of the day, finds some shady spot and lies down to sleep, or to look up for hours together into the calm blue sky above him. But when the sun begins to sink in the west, 5



Not even a tiger is a match for them.

he calls his herd from their muddy baths, mounts the leading cow, and sets off slowly towards home. Even though he should be belated and night should set in before he reaches the house, he need have no fear of any wild beast that may be prowling around. His 10 buffaloes are afraid of nothing, and they are very strong. Not even a tiger is a match for them; and

if one should be so foolish as to venture in their way, they will use their great strength and heavy horns to such good advantage as to make short work of him.



FORTUNE AND THE BEGGAR.

5 One day a ragged beggar was creeping along from house to house. He carried an old wallet in his hand, and was asking at every door for a few cents to buy something to eat. As he was grumbling at his lot, he kept wondering why it was that folks
10 who had so much money were never satisfied but were always wanting more.

“Here,” said he, “is the master of this house — I know him well. He was always a good business man, and he made himself wondrously rich a long
15 time ago. Had he been wise he would have stopped then. He would have turned over his business to some one else, and then he could have spent the rest of his life in ease. But what did he do instead? He took to building ships and sending them to sea to
20 trade with foreign lands. He thought he would get mountains of gold.

“But there were great storms on the water; his ships were wrecked, and his riches were swallowed up by the waves. Now his hopes all lie at the

bottom of the sea, and his great wealth has vanished like the dreams of a night.

"There are many such cases. Men seem to be never satisfied unless they can gain the whole world.

"As for me, if I had only enough to eat and to wear I would not want anything more."

Just at that moment Fortune came down the street. She saw the beggar and stopped. She said to him: "Listen! I have long wished to help you. Hold your wallet and I will pour this gold into it. But I will pour only on this condition: All that falls into the wallet shall be pure gold; but every piece that falls upon the ground shall become dust. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes, I understand," said the beggar. 15

"Then have a care," said Fortune. "Your wallet is old; so do not load it too heavily."

The beggar was so glad that he could hardly wait. He quickly opened his wallet, and a stream of yellow dollars was poured into it. The wallet soon began to grow heavy. 20

"Is that enough?" asked Fortune.

"Not yet."

"Isn't it cracking?"

"Never fear." 25

The beggar's hands began to tremble. Ah, if the golden stream would only pour forever!

“You are the richest man in the world now!”

“Just a little more,” said the beggar; “add just a handful or two.”

“There, it’s full. The wallet will burst.”



“Just a little more,” said the beggar.

5 “But it will hold a little more, just a little more!”

Another piece was added, and the wallet split. The treasure fell upon the ground and was turned to dust. Fortune had vanished. The beggar had now nothing but his empty wallet, and it was torn from
10 top to bottom. He was as poor as before.

— *From the Russian of Ivan Kriloff.*

THE PIPER'S SONG.

Piping down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he, laughing, said to me,

“Pipe a song about a lamb,”
 So I piped with merry cheer.
 “Piper, pipe that song again,”
 So I piped, he wept to hear. 5

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer.”
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear. 10

“Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book that all may read.”
 So he vanished from my sight ;
 And I plucked a hollow reed, 15

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stained the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear. 20

— *William Blake.*

TWO SURPRISES.

A workman plied his clumsy spade
 As the sun was going down ;
 The German king with his cavalcade
 Was coming into town.

5 The king stopped short when he saw
 the man —

“My worthy friend,” said he.
 “Why not cease work at even-
 tide,
 When the laborer
 should be free?”

“I do not
 slave,”
 the old
 man said,

10 “And I am

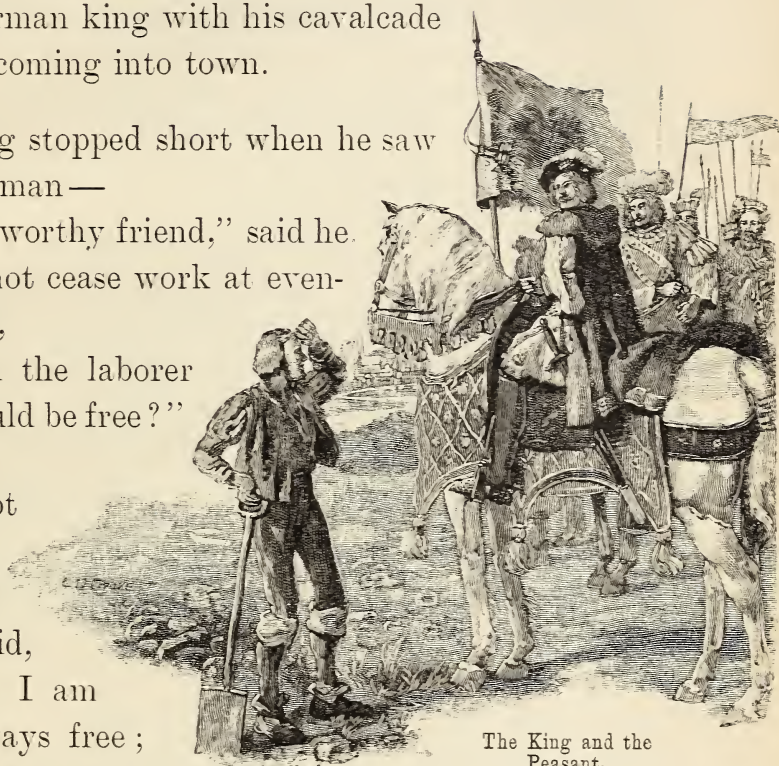
always free ;
 Though I work from
 the time I leave my bed
 Till I can hardly see.”

“How much,” said the king, “is thy gain in a day?”

“Eight groschen,” the man replied.

15 “And canst thou live on this meager pay?” —

“Like a king,” he said with pride.



The King and the
 Peasant.

“Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend,
 And two for a debt I owe;
 Two groschen to lend and two to spend
 For those who can't labor, you know.”

“Thy debt?” said the king. Said the toiler, “Yea, 5
 To my mother with age oppressed,
 Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day,
 And now hath need of rest.”

“To whom dost lend of thy daily store?”
 “To my three boys at school. You see, 10
 When I am too feeble to toil any more,
 They will care for their mother and me.”

“And thy last two groschen?” the monarch said.
 “My sisters are old and lame;
 I give them two groschen for raiment and bread, 15
 All in the Father's name.”

Tears welled up in the good king's eyes —

“Thou knowest me not,” said he;
 “As thou hast given me one surprise,
 Here is another for thee. 20

“I am thy king; give me thy hand” —
 And he heaped it high with gold —
 “When more thou needest, I command
 That I at once be told.

“For I would bless with rich reward
 The man who can proudly say,
 That eight souls he doth keep and guard
 On eight poor groschen a day.”



FREAKS OF THE FROST.

5 The Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
 And whispered, “Now I shall be out of sight ;
 So through the valley and over the height
 In silence I’ll take my way.
 I will not go on like that blustering train —
 10 The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain —
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain ;
 But I’ll be as busy as they.”

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest ;
 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 15 With diamond beads ; and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear
 That he hung on its margin, far and near,
 20 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the morn were seen
 Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees, 5
 There were be vies of birds and swarms of bees;
 There were cities, and temples, and towers; and these
 All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there 10
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare —
 “Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
 “This costly pitcher I’ll burst in three;
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me 15
 Shall ‘tchick!’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

— *Hannah F. Gould.*



GOING EAST BY SAILING WEST.

I.

About four hundred years ago there came to Spain an Italian sailor who believed that the earth is round. Such a belief may not seem at all strange to us, but to the people of that time it appeared to 20 be very foolish and unreasonable. Almost every-

body laughed at the Italian, and called him a silly fellow.

“Have you eyes?” they asked. “If so, you need only to open them and look about you to see that
5 the earth is as flat as the top of a table.”

“You may think it is flat,” he answered, “and indeed it does appear to be so. But I know it is round; and if I had only a good ship or two, and some trusty sailors, I would prove it to you. I
10 would sail westward across the great ocean, and in the end would reach the Indies and China, which must be on the other side of the great round world.”

“Whoever heard of such nonsense!” cried the learned doctors in the university of Salamanca.
15 “Everybody knows that China and the Indies are in the far East, and that they can be reached only by a dangerous voyage through the Mediterranean Sea, and long journeys with camels across the great desert. Yet, here is Mr. Crack-brain, an Italian
20 sailor, who says he can go to the East by sailing west. One might as well try to reach the moon by going down into a deep well.”

“But you don’t understand me,” answered the man whom they had called Mr. Crack-brain. “Here
25 is an apple. Let us suppose that it is the earth. I stick a pin on this side, and call it Spain. On the other side I stick another pin, and call it the Indies.

Now suppose a fly lights upon the apple at the point which I have called Spain. By turning to the right, or eastward, he can travel round to the Indies with but little trouble; or by turning to the left, or westward, he can reach the same place with just as much ease, and in really a shorter time. Do you see?"

"Do we see?" answered the doctors. "Certainly we see the apple, and we can imagine that we see the fly. It is very hard, however, to imagine that the earth is an apple, or anything like it. For, suppose that it were so: what would become of all the water in the seas and the great ocean? Why, it would run off at the blossom end of the apple, which you call the South Pole; and all the rocks and trees and men would follow it. Or, suppose that men could stick to the lower part of the earth as the fly does to the lower part of the apple—how very silly it would be to think of them walking about with their heads hanging down!"

"And suppose," said one of the doctors who thought himself very wise—"suppose that the earth is round, and suppose that the water should not spill off, and suppose you should sail to the other side, as you want to do, how are you to get back? Did anybody ever hear of a ship sailing up hill?"

And so the learned doctors and professors dismissed the whole subject. They said it was not

worth while for wise men to spend their time in talking about such things. But the man whom they had called Mr. Crack-brain would not give up his theory. He was not the first man to believe that
 5 the earth is round — this he knew ; but he hoped to be the first to prove it by sailing westward, and thus finally reaching the Indies, and the rich countries of the far East. And yet he had no ship, he was very poor, and the few friends whom he had
 10 were not able to give him any help.

“My only hope,” he said, “is to persuade the king and queen to furnish me with a ship.”

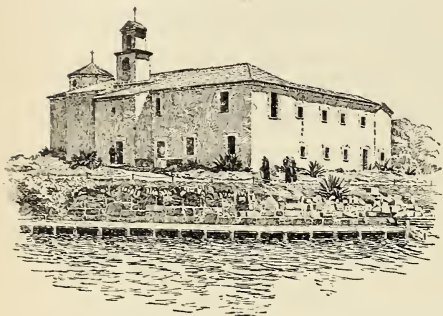
II.

But how should an unknown Italian sailor make himself heard by the king and queen of the most
 15 powerful country in Europe?

The great men at the king's court ridiculed him. “You had better buy a fisherman's boat,” they said, “and try to make an honest living with your nets. Men of your kind have no business with kings.
 20 As to your crazy theory about the shape of the earth, only think of it! How dare you, the son of an Italian wool-comber, imagine that you know more about it than the wisest men in the world?”

But he did not despair. For years he followed
 25 the king's court from place to place. Most people

looked upon him as a kind of harmless lunatic who had gotten a single idea in his head and was unable to think of anything else. But there were a few good and wise men who listened to his theories, and



Convent of La Rabida.

after studying them carefully, began to believe that there was some truth in them. 5

One of these men was Father Perez, the prior of the convent of La Rabida ; and, to please this good prior, the queen at last sent for the sailor and asked him to tell her all about his strange theories and his plans for sailing west and reaching the East. 15

III.

“You say that if you had the vessels and the men you would sail westward and discover new lands on the farther side of the great ocean,” said the queen. “What reasons have you for supposing that there are any such lands?” 20

“My first reason is that, since the earth is round like a ball, the countries of China and the Indies must lie in a westward direction and can, sooner or later, be reached by sailing across the sea,” was the 25

answer. “ You, yourself, have heard the story of St. Brandon, the Scottish priest, who, eight hundred years ago, was driven by a storm far across the ocean, and how at last he landed upon a strange and unknown
 5 shore. I doubt not but that this country was one of the outlying islands of the Indies, or perhaps the eastern shore of China.

“ Not very long ago, Martin Vincent,
 10 a sea captain of Lisbon, ventured to go a distance of four hundred miles from land. There he picked up a piece of wood, with strange marks and carvings upon it, which had been drifted from the west
 15 by strong winds. Other seafaring men have found, far out in the ocean, reeds and light wood, such as travelers say are found in some parts of the Indies, but nowhere in Europe. And if any one should want more proofs than these, it would not be hard to find
 20 them. There is a story among the people of the far north which relates that, about five hundred years ago, some bold sea rovers from Iceland discovered a wild, wooded country many days’ sail to the westward. Indeed, it is said that these men tried to form a
 25 settlement there, and that they sent more than one shipload of grapes and timber back to Iceland. Now, it is very plain to me that this country of Vin-



Queen Isabella.

land, as they called it, was no other than a part of the northern coast of China or Japan."

It is not to be supposed that the queen cared whether the earth was round or flat; nor is it likely that her mind was ever troubled with questions of that kind. But she thought that if this man's theories were true, and there were lands rich in gold and spices on the other side of the ocean, it would be a fine thing for the queen and king of Spain to possess them. The Italian sailor had studied his subject well, and he certainly knew what he was talking about. He had told his story so well that the queen was almost ready to believe that he was right. But she was very busy just then, in a war with the Moors, and she had little time to think about anything else. If the Italian would wait till everything else could be settled, she would see whether a ship or two might not be fitted out for his use.

IV.

For seven years this man with a new idea kept on trying to find some one who was able and willing to help him carry out the plans which he had so much at heart. At last, broken in health and almost penniless, he gave up hope, and was about to leave Spain forever. It was then that one of his friends, Luis St. Angel, pleaded his case before the queen.



From the Painting by V. Brozik.

Columbus Asking Permission to Discover America.

Engraved by Henry Wolf.

"It will cost but little to fit out two or three ships for him. If the undertaking should prove to be a failure, you would not lose much. But if it should succeed, only think what vast riches and how great honor will be won for Spain!"

5

"I will take the risk!" cried the queen, at last. "If the money can not be had otherwise, I will sell my jewels to get it. Find him, and bring him before me; and let us lose no more time about this business."

10

St. Angel hastened to obey.

"Do you know whether Christopher Columbus has passed out through this gate to-day?" he asked of the soldier who was standing guard at one of the gates of the old city of Granada.

15

"Christopher Columbus? Who is he?" asked the soldier.

"He is a gray-bearded man, rather tall, with a stoop in his shoulders. When last seen he was riding on a small, brown mule, and coming this way."

20

"Oh! Do you mean the fellow who has been trying to make people believe that the earth is round?"

"Yes, that is the man."

"He passed through here not half an hour ago. His mule is a very slow traveler, and if you follow, you can easily overtake him before he has gone far."

25

St. Angel gave the rein to his swift horse, and

galloped onward in pursuit of Columbus. It was not long until the slow-paced mule, with its sad rider, was seen plodding along the dusty highway. The man was too busy with his own thoughts
 5 to heed the sound of the ringing hoofs behind him.

“Christopher Columbus!” cried his friend, “turn about, and come back with me. I have good news for you. Queen
 10 Isabella bids me say that she will help you, and that you shall have the ships and the men for which you ask in order to find a new way to the East, and perhaps discover unknown lands on the further side of the great ocean.
 15 Turn about, and come back with me!”



Christopher Columbus.

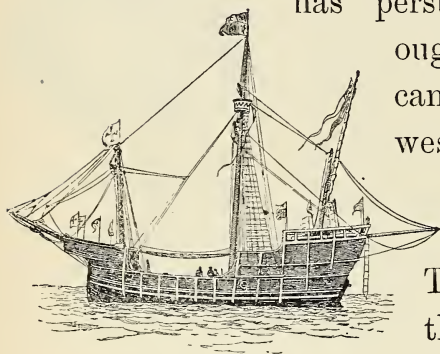
v.

One morning in August, 1492, there was a great stir in the little seaport town of Palos in Spain. At break of day the streets were full of people. Everybody had risen early and was hurrying down toward
 20 the harbor. Long before sunrise the shore was lined with anxious men, women, and children. All were talking about the same thing; some were weeping; some appeared to be angry; some were in despair.

“Only think of it,” said one. “Think of sailing
 25 into seas where the water is always boiling hot.”

“And if you escape being scalded,” said another, “then there are those terrible sea beasts that are large enough to swallow ships and sailors at a single mouthful. Oh, why should the queen send men on such a hopeless voyage as this?”

“It is all on account of that Italian sailor who says that the world is round,” said a third. “He has persuaded several persons, who ought to know better, that he can reach the East by sailing 10 west.”



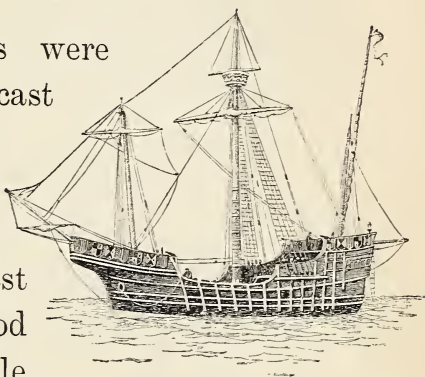
The Santa Maria.

Moored near the shore were three small ships. They were but little larger than fishing boats; and in 15 these frail vessels Columbus was going to venture into the vast unknown sea, in search of strange lands and of a new and better way to distant India.

Two of the ships, the “Niña” and the “Pinta,” 20 had no decks and were covered only at the ends where the sailors slept. The third, called the “Santa Maria,” was larger and had a deck, and from its masthead floated the flag of Columbus. It was toward these three ships that the eyes of the people 25 on shore were directed; it was about these ships and the men on board of them that all were talking.

On the deck of the largest ship stood Columbus, and by his side was good Father Perez, praying that the voyagers might be blessed with fair winds and a smooth sea, and that the brave captain might be
 5 successful in his quest.

Then the last good-byes were spoken, the moorings were cast loose, the sails were spread; and, a little before sunrise,
 10 the vessels glided slowly out of the harbor and into the vast western ocean. The people stood on the shore and watched, while the sails grew smaller and smaller and at last were lost to sight below the line of sea and sky.



The Pinta.

“Alas! We shall never see them again,” said some, returning to their homes. But others remained all day by the shore talking about the
 20 strange idea that there were unknown lands in the distant west.

VI.

Two hundred miles southwest of Palos there is a group of islands called the Canary Islands. These were well known to the people of that time, and
 25 belonged to Spain. But sailors seldom ventured be-

yond them, and no one knew of any land farther to the west. It was to these islands that Columbus first directed his course. In six days the three little vessels reached the Canary Islands. The sailing had been very slow. The rudder of one of the ships had 5 not been well made and had soon been broken. And so, now, much time was wasted while having a new rudder made and put in place.

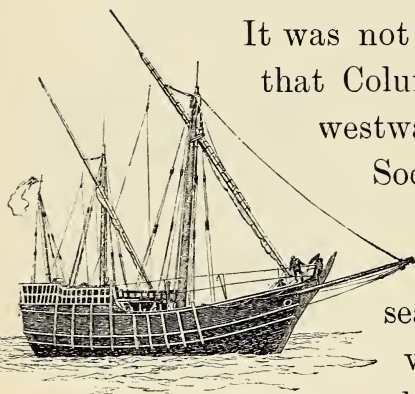
It was not until the 6th of September that Columbus again set sail, pushing 10 westward into unknown waters.

Soon the sailors began to give way to their fears. The thought that they were on seas where no man had before 15 ventured filled them with alarm. They remembered all the strange stories that they

had heard of dreadful monsters and of mysterious dangers, and their minds were filled with distress. 20

But Columbus showed them how unreasonable these stories were; and he aroused their curiosity by telling them wonderful things about India — that land of gold and precious stones, which they would surely reach if they would bravely perse- 25 vere.

And so, day after day, they sailed onward, not



The Niña.

knowing where they were nor toward what unknown region their course was directed. The sea was calm, and the wind blowing from the east drove the ships steadily forward. By the first of October they had
 5 sailed more than two thousand miles. Birds came from the west, and flew about the ships. The water was full of floating seaweed. But still no land could be seen.

Then the sailors began to fear that they would
 10 never be able to return against the east wind that was blowing. "Why should we obey this man, Columbus?" they said. "He is surely mad. Let us throw him into the sea, and then turn the ships about while we can."

15 But Columbus was so firm and brave that they dared not lay hands on him; they dared not disobey him. Soon they began to see signs of the nearness of land. Weeds, such as grow only in rivers, were seen floating near the ships. A branch of a tree,
 20 with berries on it, was picked up. Columbus offered a reward to the man who should first see land.

"We must be very near it now," he said. "Before another day we shall discover it."

That night no one could sleep. At about two
 25 o'clock the man who was on the lookout on one of the smaller vessels cried: "Land! land! land!" Columbus himself had seen a distant light moving.

some hours before. There was now a great stir on board the ships.

“Where is the land?” cried every one.

“There — there! Straight before us.”

Yes, there was a low, dark mass far in front of 5 them, which might be land. In the dim starlight, it was hard to make out what it was. But one thing was certain, it was not a mere expanse of water, such as lay in every other direction. And so the sailors brought out a little old-fashioned cannon and fired it 10 off as a signal to the crews of the other vessels. Then the sails of the three ships were furled, and they waited for the light of day.

When morning dawned, Columbus and his companions saw that they were quite near to a green 15 and sunny island. It was a beautiful spot. There were pleasant groves where the songs of birds were heard. Thousands of flowers were seen on every hand, and the trees were laden with fruit. The island was inhabited, too; for strange men could be 20 seen running toward the shore and looking with wonder at the ships.

The sailors, who had lately been ready to give up all hope, were now filled with joy. They crowded around Columbus, and kissed his hands, and begged 25 him to forgive them for thinking of disobeying him. The ships cast anchor, the boats were lowered, and

Columbus, with most of the men, went on shore. Columbus was dressed in a grand robe of scarlet, and the banner of Spain was borne above him.

VII.

As soon as the boats reached the shore, Columbus
5 stepped out and knelt down upon the beach and gave thanks to God; then he took possession of the island in the name of the king and queen of Spain, and called it San Salvador. It was thus that the first land in America was discovered on the 12th of
10 October, 1492.

The natives were filled with wonder at what they saw. At first they were awed and frightened at sight of the ships and the strange men; but they soon overcame their fears and seemed delighted and
15 very friendly. They brought to Columbus gifts of all they had, — bananas, yams, oranges, and beautiful birds.

“Surely,” they said, “these wonderful beings who have come to us from the sea are not mere men like
20 ourselves. They must be messengers from heaven.”

Columbus believed that this island was near the coast of Asia, and that it was one of the islands of India; and so he called the people Indians. He did not remain here long, but sailed away to discover

other lands. In a short time the ships came to a large island where there were rivers of fresh water flowing into the sea. On every hand there were bright flowers and climbing vines and groves of palms and banana trees. The air was sweet with 5



He took possession of the island.

the breath of blossoms ; the sky was blue and clear ; the sea was calm ; the world seemed full of joy and peace. This island was Cuba.

“Let us live here always!” cried the sailors ; “for surely this is paradise.”

10

And so, for three months and more, Columbus and his companions sailed among scenes of delight, such as they had never before imagined. They visited

island after island, and everywhere saw new beauties and new pleasures. The natives were simple-hearted and kind. "They love their neighbors as themselves," said Columbus. They looked with
5 wonder upon the bright swords of the white men and upon their brilliant armor; and when the little cannon was fired, they were so filled with alarm that they fell to the ground.

It was on the 15th of the next March that Columbus, after a stormy homeward voyage, sailed again
10 into the little harbor of Palos, from which he had started. And now there was a greater stir in the little town than there had been before. "Christopher Columbus has come back from the unknown
15 seas!" was the cry that went from house to house.

"Did he reach the East by sailing west? Has he really been to far-off India?" asked the doubting ones.

"He has, indeed!" was the answer. "He has discovered a new world."

20 Then the bells were rung, guns were fired, and bonfires blazed on the hilltops. Everybody rejoiced. Everybody was willing now to say that the Italian was right when he declared the earth to be round.

"Make haste and carry the news to the queen!"
25 said the governor of the town. "Tell her that Columbus has returned, and that he has really found a new way to India."

DAYBREAK.

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me!"

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake, it is the day!"

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing!"

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near!"

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hear the chiming morn!"

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

—Henry W. Longfellow.

TURTLES ON THE AMAZON.

I.

The Amazon River is in South America. It is the longest and largest river in the world. During the rainy season it is not unlike a great inland sea. In the dry season, when the stream is at its lowest, 5 vast sand banks crop up, here and there, above the water, and line the shores on either side. The greater part of its course is through a wild forest, and there are no great cities upon its banks.

One pleasant evening a few years ago, a young 10 lad and an Indian guide landed from a canoe upon a great bank of white sand which stretched for miles along the river. Here they made ready to pass the night. They gathered a heap of driftwood and kindled a large fire to keep off the wild beasts, 15 of which there were many kinds in the forest. After they had eaten a slight luncheon, they agreed to keep watch by turns during the night.

The lad, whose turn came first, seated himself upon a pile of sand and did his best to keep awake. 20 But he was very tired, and, in spite of himself, fell into a nap, from which he was awakened by sliding down the sand hill, and tumbling over on his side. He jumped up quickly and looked around to see if any creature had ventured near.

25 Yes, there, on the other side of the fire, he saw

a pair of dull eyes looking at him. Close to them he saw another pair, then another, and another, until, having looked on every side, he saw that he was in the center of a circle of eyes! It is true they were quite small eyes, and some of the heads which he could see by the blaze were small. They had an ugly look, like the heads of serpents.



The boy stood for some moments uncertain what to do. He believed that the eyes belonged to snakes which had just crept out of the river; and he feared that any movement on his part would lead them to attack him. Having risen to his feet, his eyes were above the level of the blaze, and he was able in a little while to see more clearly.

He now saw that the snake-like heads belonged to creatures with large oval bodies, and that, besides the fifty or more which had come up to look at the fire, there were whole droves of them upon the sandy beach beyond. As far as he could see on all sides, the bank was covered with them. A strange sight it was, and most fearful. For his life he could not make out what it meant, or by what sort of wild animals he was surrounded.

He could see that their bodies were not larger than those of small sheep; and, from the way in which they glistened in the moonlight, he was sure

they had come out of the river. He called to the Indian guide, who awoke and started to his feet in alarm. The movement frightened the creatures round the fire; they rushed to the shore, and were
 5 heard plunging by hundreds into the water.

II.

The Indian's ear caught the sounds, and his eye took in the whole thing at a glance.

"Turtles," he said.

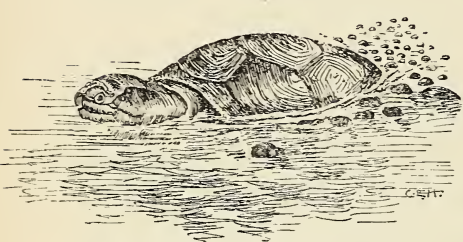
"Oh," said the lad; "turtles, is it?"

10 "Yes, master," answered the guide. "I suppose this is one of their great hatching places. They are going to lay their eggs in the sand."

There was no danger from turtles, but the fright had chased away sleep, and the two travelers sat by
 15 the camp fire for some time, talking about these strange creatures. The turtles of the Amazon meet together in great herds every year. Each of the herds chooses a place for itself—some sandy island or great sand bank. They then crawl ashore at
 20 night in vast multitudes, and each turtle, with the strong, crooked claws of her hind feet, digs a hole in the sand. Each hole is about three feet across and two feet deep. In this she lays her eggs—from seventy to one hundred and twenty in number—
 25 white, hard-shelled, and somewhat larger than the

eggs of a pigeon. She then fills the hole with sand, leveling the top to make the sand bank look as smooth as before; this done, her work is at an end. In a few days the great army betakes itself to the water, and scatters in every direction. 5

The sun, shining upon the sand, does the rest, and in less than six weeks the young turtles, about as broad as a silver dollar, crawl out of the sand and at once find their way to the water. They are afterwards 10 seen in shallow pools or lakes far from the place where they were hatched. How they find these pools, or whether their mothers know 15



A Mother Turtle and Little Ones.

their own young ones and lead them thither, nobody knows.

An old mother turtle is often seen swimming with as many as a hundred little ones after her. Now, are these her own, or are they a collection which 20 she has picked up here and there? Would it not be strange if each mother turtle should know her own young? Such a thing seems scarcely possible, and yet there may be some instinct which gives her the power to tell which of the little ones among the 25 millions really belong to her. Who can say?

— *Mayne Reid.*

HOW THE THRUSHES CROSSED THE SEA.

I.

In Egypt, not far from the pyramids, a mother thrush had spent a pleasant winter with a fine brood of young thrushes. But as the days began to grow warmer, a strange restlessness began to warn them
 5 that it was time to take their flight to a more northern country and a less sunny clime.

The mother thrush gathered her children together, and having joined a flock of friends from the banks of the upper Nile, they spread their wings and fluttered away toward the Mediterranean Sea. There
 10 in due time they arrived, and alighted not far from the shore.

"Where shall we go now?" asked one of the young birds, whose name was Songful.

15 "We must cross the great sea," said his mother.

"What!" cried another, who was called Thinklittle. "How can we do that? We shall drown before we are halfway across."

Then a third, whom everybody knew as Grumbler,
 20 began to complain. "Oh dear!" he cried. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea."

Then Songful, and Thinklittle, and Thankful, the rest of Mother Thrush's family, all joined in the cry of Grumbler. "You have brought us here only to
 25 drown us in the sea!"

"Wait a little while," said their mother, quietly.
 "We must find a ship to carry us across."

"Ah!" sighed Songful, "but I am afraid of ships! They often carry some of those creatures called boys, who shoot arrows and throw stones at little birds!" 5

"True enough!" said Thinklittle. "Ships are dangerous things."

"And you brought us here only to be shot and stoned by bad ship boys!" cried Grumbler.

But the patient mother bird said, "Wait a little 10 while! Wait a little while!"

The very next day a strange sound was heard high up in the air: "Honk! honk! honk!"

"There are our ships!" cried Mother Thrush.

"What do you mean?" piped Thinklittle. And 15 he hopped upon a twig, looked up into the sky, and shook his wings. "I see nothing but a flock of those clumsy storks that wade in the mud by the river banks or sit on the high columns of the old temples. I know all about them." 20

"Ha! ha!" laughed Songful. "Do you expect to see ships coming from the sky? Look toward the sea, brother!" And then he sang one of his happiest songs.

"What great awkward fellows those storks are!" 25 said Grumbler. "There is no more music in them than in an Egyptian water wheel." And with that

he began to whistle a merry tune to show how much better he was than the birds he despised.

But his mother only nodded her head and said, "Wait a little while!"

II.

5 The storks settled down upon the shore, quite near to the little company of thrushes. There, for a while, they fed among the tall plants that grew by the margin of the water. But soon they began to make a great stir; and they called to one another
10 among the reeds, "Honk, creek! Honk, creek!"

"There!" said Mother Thrush. "They're going! Get ready, my children! We must go with them."

"How are we going to do that?" cried Grumbler.

"Yes, how?" said Thinklittle. "We are not
15 strong enough to keep up with those storks."

"Silence!" cried Mother Thrush, now much excited. "Say not a word, but do as I do."

The storks slowly raised their awkward bodies and spread their huge wings. Then they soared into
20 the air, trailed their legs behind them, and crying hoarsely, took their course straight across the sea.

"Now!" cried Mother Thrush. "Be quick! Follow me, and do as I do!"

She darted into the midst of the flock of storks,
25 with her four broodlings close beside her. For a

moment or two, she fluttered over a gray-winged stork, and then settled down upon the bird's broad back and nestled between her wings. All her family followed, and cuddled down beside her. For a short time they felt so strange in their odd resting place ⁵ that they kept very still. But after a while the young ones began to talk.

"This is a pleasant voyage, indeed," said Think-little. "How nice to ride on the backs of these big storks! The people who ride on camels, or on the ¹⁰ little donkeys that trot to and from the pyramids, have not half so pleasant a time."

"Now I understand what mother meant when she spoke of ships," said Songful. "I wonder if she thinks our stork will carry us all the way across." ¹⁵

"Indeed, she will!" said Mother Thrush.

"Yes," said Grumbler; "she may, if she doesn't shake us all off and drown us!"

III.

They rode on for many and many a mile, sometimes being a little frightened as the stork fluttered to and fro, or sank and rose again. But now and then they ventured to peep out between the wide-spread wings, and look down upon the green sea that rolled beneath them.

"Mother," at last said Thankful.

“Well, my dear.”

“Don’t you think that the stork must be very tired, and that we ought to do something to comfort and cheer her as she flies?”

5 “Hush!” cried Thinklittle. “If the stork finds that we are here, she will toss us off of her back.”

10 “Oh, who cares if the stork is tired,” said Grumbler. “She can feel no worse than we do.”

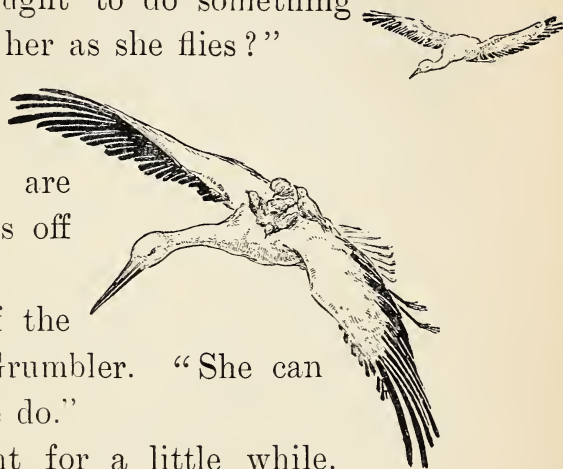
Thankful was silent for a little while.

Then she crept close to her brother Songful, and the
15 two twittered softly together for a moment. At last, without a word to the others, they lifted their heads and broke forth together into song. The notes of the duet rose sweet and clear above the fluttering of the stork’s wings and the whistling of the shrill
20 north wind.

“Ah!” cried Thinklittle, as he heard the song; “it is very sweet, indeed, and I feel almost like singing too. But what if the old stork should hear us!”

“Yes, indeed,” said Grumbler. “It is very foolish
25 ish to let her know that we are here.”

But the stork listened to the song with pleasure and was not at all angry. More than once she



turned her head backward, and out of her deep round eyes looked kindly upon the singers.

"Thank you," she said when the song was ended. "You have cheered the way with your pleasant song. I am so glad that you chose to come with me." 5

Thinklittle was ashamed of himself, and began to warble a pretty tune; and then Grumbler forgot to complain, and joined in the song.

From that time on, all the way across the sea, the carrier stork was made happy by the melody of the 10 grateful thrushes. At last the northern shore was reached, and the thrushes rose from the back of the great bird that had carried them so far and so safely. Then breaking into a chorus of song, with sweet words of farewell, they flew away to make the rest 15 of the journey home upon their own wings.

When they reached the green fields and broad canals of Holland, they found the good stork and her friends already at home on the tall chimneys of an old town; and after friendly greetings they set 20 to work building their own nests.

Now it happened that this story was much talked about in Holland, and so from that day to this the little song birds which cross the sea on the backs of the great storks are said to warble all the way. 25 And the storks are glad to carry them, because of their sweet songs.

— *Henry C. McCook.*

THE HAYMAKERS — OLD STYLE.

It is five o'clock. The morning is clear and fresh. A hundred birds, — yes, five hundred — are singing as birds never sing except in the morning. Will it rain to-day? The heavens overhead look
 5 like it, but the barometer says, "No." Then a few rounds with the scythe before breakfast, by way of getting the path open!

There they go, a pretty pair of mowers! The blinking dewdrops on the grass tops wink at them
 10 and pitch headlong under the stroke of the swinging scythe. How low and musical is the sound of a scythe in its passage through a thick pile of grass!

There sounds the horn! Breakfast is ready. All the children are farmer's boys for the occasion
 15 Bless their appetites! It does one good to see growing children eat with a real hearty appetite. Mountain air, a free foot in grassy fields and open groves, plain food and enough of it — these
 20 things kill the lilies in the cheek and bring forth roses.

But we must hasten and make hay while the sun shines. Already John Dargan is whetting his scythe, — John, as tough as a knot,
 25 strong as steel, famous in all the region for plow-



John Dargan.

ing, and equally skillful at mowing — turning his furrow and cutting his swath alike smoothly and evenly. The man of the farm strikes in first; John follows, and away they go uphill toward the sun. Round and round the field they go, with steady swing, the grass plot growing less at every turn.

Meanwhile all the boys have been at work spreading grass. The noon hour comes on. It passes, and the sun begins to slope toward the western horizon. It is time to house the hay. The day is gone, and the night comes.

With another morning, and that Saturday morning, comes up the sun without a single cloud; the air is clear as crystal. No mist on the river; no fleece on the mountains.

15

Yet the barometer is sinking — has been sinking all night. It has fallen more than a quarter of an inch and continues slowly to fall. Our plans must be laid accordingly. We will cut the clover, and prepare to get in all yesterday's mowing before



Raking—Old Style.

two o'clock. One load we roll in before dinner. While snatching our hasty meal, affairs grow critical. The sun is hidden. The noon is dark.

Now, if you wish to see pretty working, follow the cart. The long forks fairly leap among the hay; to a backward lift they spring up, poise a moment in

25

the air, and shoot their burdens forward upon the load, where they are caught by the nimble John, and in a twinkling are in their place.

We hear thunder and see the lightnings flash on
 5 the horizon. There are no lazybones here! All the girls and ladies come forth to the fray. Delicate hands are making lively work, raking up the scattered grass, and flying with right nimble steps here and there, bent on cheating the rain of its expected
 10 prey.

And now the long windrows are formed. The last load of hay from the other fields has just rolled into the barn! Down jumps John, and rolls up the windrows into huge round piles. We follow and
 15 glean with the rake. The last one is finished.

A drop patters down on my face, — another, and another. Look at those baseless mountains that tower in the west, black as night at the bottom, glowing like snow at the top edges! Far in the
 20 north the rain has begun to pour down upon old Greylock! But the sun is shining through the shower and turning it to a golden atmosphere.

Only a look can we spare, and all of us run for the house and in good time. Down comes the flood, and
 25 every drop is musical. We pity the neighbors who, not warned by a barometer, are racing and chasing to secure their outlying crop. — *Henry Ward Beecher.*

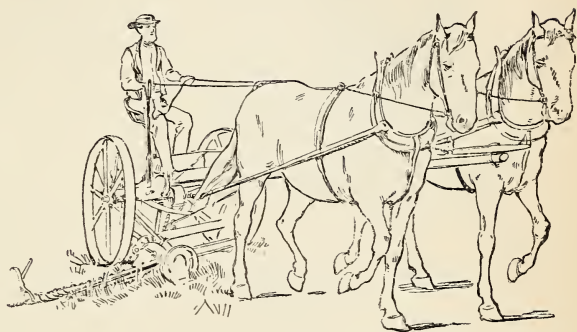
THE HAYMAKERS — NEW STYLE.

It is now nearly seven o'clock in the morning — but early enough for laboring men to be in the field. Ten hours — five before noon, and five after — is a long day's work, and nobody, save the farmer and his boys, can be expected to do more. And here come 5 the mowing machines, — one, two, three, four, — each drawn by a team of sturdy but spirited horses. What elegant pieces of mechanism these mowers are! And yet, how simple, how light, how strong! Not much like the first rude contrivances, that were 10 made for the same purpose some forty years ago.

Open the gate, Patrick, and let them drive into the field. Johnson, with the team of sprightly blacks, will take the lead; for he is a careful driver, and his fast-walking horses will keep well out of the 15 way of those that follow. Now, while they are making ready for the start, cast your eye over the sea of waving timothy before you. Thirty acres of the finest meadow land in the country — level as a floor, and not a stump or a stick or a stone in the 20 way. What would your grandfather have done in such a field, with only an old-fashioned scythe or two, and so much grass to be cut?

And now the work begins. The sickle bars are let down. The drivers, on their comfortable spring 25 seats, give the word to the horses, and they start

off gayly enough, but steadily — for they know that this is to be no holiday for them. Clicket-clicket-clicket-clicket-clicket! sings the row of sharp knives, nicknamed the
 5 sickle, as it flies back and forth faster than your eye can follow it. It spares nothing
 10 that comes in its way. The tall timothy, the straggling blue grass, the blossoming clover, fall prostrate as it passes. No need now for the boys to toss the
 15 hay with their pitchforks; for it is already spread, and much more evenly than they could spread it.



Johnson takes the lead.

Johnson takes the lead, keeping his blacks close to the fence and driving them right over a road's width of standing grass. But never mind that. When he
 20 has gone once round, he will turn back upon it, and his machine will take up and cut all that is now being overrun. The other mowers follow in order and at short distances apart. Talk about the music of the old-fashioned scythe! Clicket-clicket-clicket-
 25 clicket! Only listen to the flying sickles of these four mowers as they cut their way through tall grass and short alike! They are the quartette

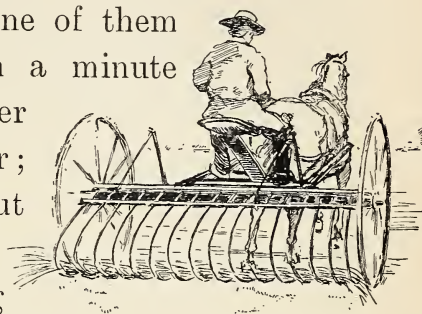
of the hayfield singing in unison the song of the harvest.

As to the blinking of dewdrops, who cares for them, nowadays? The sooner the sun disposes of them, the better. And the birds? Well, if any lark 5 has foolishly built her nest among the sheltering tufts of blue grass, let her make haste to leave it — for mowing machines have no hearts of pity for such creatures. And woe to the young quails whose wings are not yet strong enough to carry them out of the 10 reach of danger! It is not likely that any bird dares to sing in the midst of this destruction and terror. If he does so, his song is unheard.

Each mower has gone seven times round the field. The sun pours down scorching hot, turning the cut 15 grass into hay almost as fast as it falls. The horses are reeking with sweat. The men in their comfortable spring seats are warm and hungry, but not tired in the true sense of the word. More than half of the thirty acres has been mowed. In a single forenoon 20 they have done as much as your grandfather and three of his mowers, with John Dargan besides, could have done in a week — and they have done it better, too.

After a long noon hour they are at it again. And 25 now comes Patrick and the two big boys with the rakes. No miserable hand rakes to blister your palms

and make your back and shoulders ache — but genuine horse rakes with a wheel at each end and a nice seat for the driver above. One of them will pile up more hay in a minute
 5 than you could put together with a pitchfork in an hour; and there is no labor about it except for the horse.



Raking — New Style.

See how quickly the long
 10 windrows are thrown together all round the field! And neither the girls nor the ladies have helped.

What if the barometer is sinking? Let the mowers keep on with their work. With all this machin-
 15 ery to help us, we can snap our fingers at the rain.

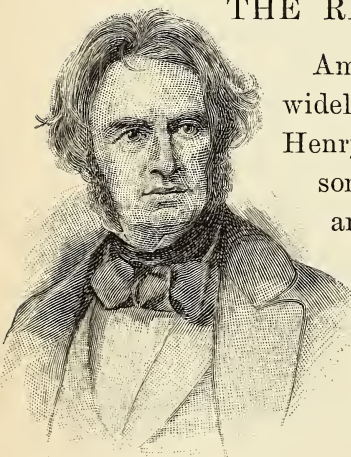
And now the great wagons come to the field. The horse pitchforks are set to work. The loading of the long windrows is the hardest work of all, but it is done with speed. The thunder clouds begin to
 20 mutter far away in the west. The mowers stop. A small square of timothy — three or four acres, more or less — is still standing in the center of the field; but it will be easy to finish that to-morrow. Johnson and the other drivers lead their teams to the
 25 barn, and leave off work for the day. What care they whether the hay which they have cut be housed or not? That is no part of their business.

But it is safely housed. The last monster load is driven under the great sheds just as the big drops begin to patter down from the clouds. Quick work this! But what may we not do when we have horse power and cog wheels and cold iron to help us? 5

Not much poetry in it, did you say? Ah, no! And to tell the truth there was not much poetry in the old style of haymaking, save to those who stood a good distance away and looked on. To the haymakers themselves there was more backache than romance, 10 and more weariness than music. And so the world ever changes from the old to the new, but who can tell whether the former times were better or worse than our own?



THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.



Henry W. Longfellow.

Among all our American poets no one is more 15 widely known and more generally loved than Henry W. Longfellow. The sweetness of his songs and the simple beauty of his ballads are a source of never-ceasing delight to all classes of readers. Many of his best 20 known poems were composed during the earlier part of his life, when he appeared as in this portrait. "The Reaper and the Flowers" was written in December, 1838, "with peace in my heart, 25 and not without tears in my eyes."

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
 And, with his sickle keen,
 He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
 And the flowers that grow between.

5 "Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
 "Have naught but the bearded grain?
 Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
 I will give them all back again."

10 He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
 He kissed their drooping leaves;
 It was for the Lord of Paradise
 He bound them in his sheaves.

 "My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
 The Reaper said, and smiled;
 15 "Dear tokens of the earth are they,
 Where he was once a child.

 "They shall all bloom in fields of light,
 Transplanted by my care,
 And saints, upon their garments white,
 20 These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
 The flowers she most did love;
 She knew she should find them all again
 In the fields of light above.



From the Painting by Kaulbach.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

"'T was an angel visited the green earth."

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
 The Reaper came that day;
 'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
 And took the flowers away.



THE DAY IS DONE.

5 The day is done, and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of Night.
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

10 I see the lights of the village
 Gleam through the rain and mist,
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
 That my soul can not resist —

 A feeling of sadness and longing,
 That is not akin to pain,
 15 And resembles sorrow only
 As the mist resembles the rain.

 Come, read to me some poem,
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,
 And banish the thoughts of day.

20 Not from the grand old masters,
 Not from the bards sublime,

Whose distant footsteps echo
 Through the corridors of Time.
 For, like strains of martial music,
 Their mighty thoughts suggest
 Life's endless toil and endeavor; 5
 And to-night I long for rest.
 Read from some humbler poet,
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,
 As showers from the clouds of summer,
 Or tears from the eyelids start; 10
 Who, through long days of labor,
 And nights devoid of ease,
 Still heard in his soul the music
 Of wonderful melodies.
 Such songs have power to quiet 15
 The restless pulse of care,
 And come like the benediction
 That follows after prayer.
 Then read from the treasured volume
 The poem of thy choice, 20
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet
 The beauty of thy voice.
 And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day,
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, 25
 And as silently steal away.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I.

It was not until more than a year after the battle of Lexington that the people of the American colonies began seriously to think of independence from Great Britain. True, the laws of the king of England had been openly opposed; an army had been formed, with George Washington as commander in chief; there had been sharp fighting in more than one place, and the British soldiers had been driven out of Boston. But the Americans were contending only for their liberties as British subjects. "Give us," said they, "the rights that properly belong to us, and we will submit."

But the king and his counselors refused to listen. Matters grew rapidly worse and worse. The breach between the colonies and the mother country became wider and wider every day. Men were everywhere losing their feeling of attachment to England. At last the question of independence began to be openly discussed.

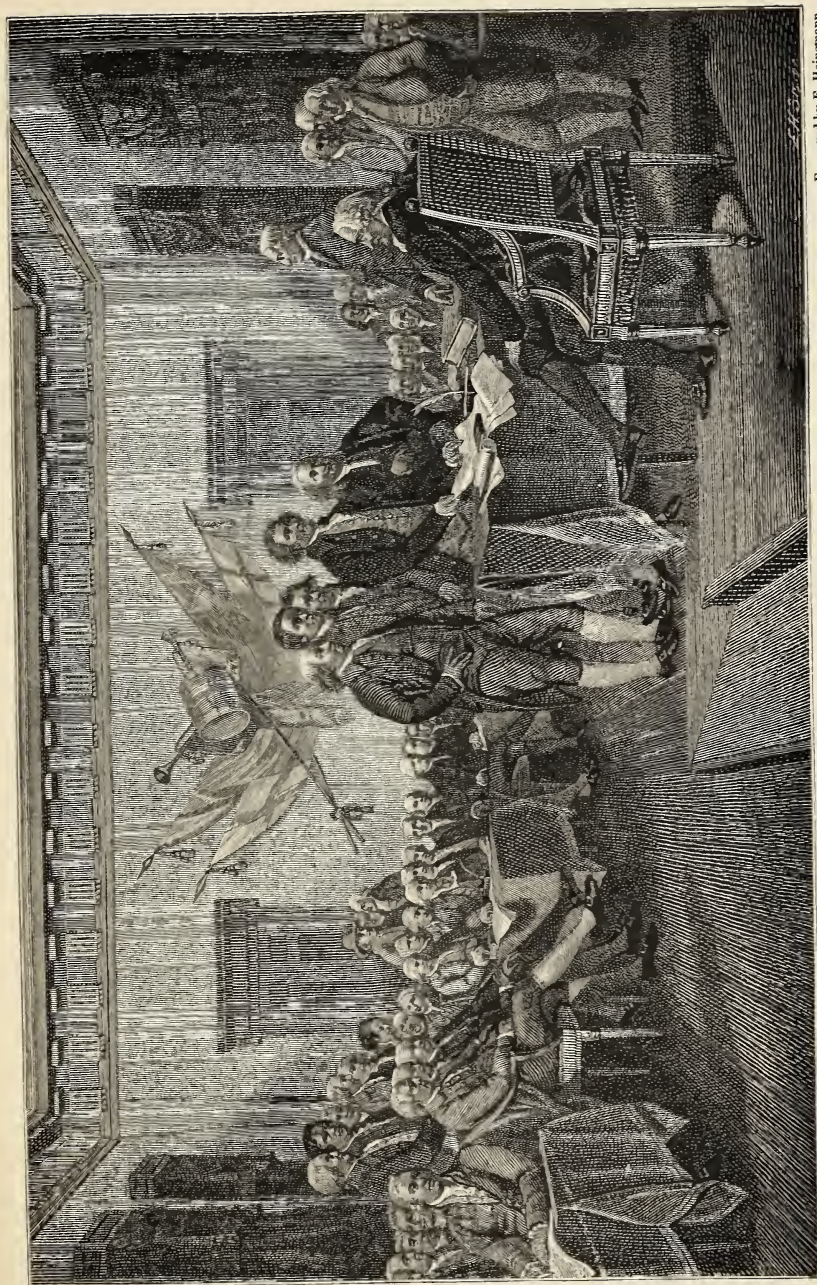
The Continental Congress was sitting in the old State House at Philadelphia. The men who composed it represented the people of the thirteen colonies; among them were many whose names afterwards became famous in the history of our country. They pondered this question long; they discussed it in all

its bearings; they studied it from every point of view. To submit, and make peace with Great Britain now, would be but to fasten the chains of slavery upon the colonies; to go on with the conflict might result only in disaster. At last, on the 7th of June, 5 1776, Richard Henry Lee arose and, in clear, sharp tones that rang into the very street, offered this resolution: "*Resolved*, That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent States, and all political connection between us and the State of 10 Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams seconded the resolution, and at the same time made a speech, so full of fervor and prophetic ardor, that every man who heard him was carried away by its eloquence. A committee was named 15 to write a Declaration of Independence, and further action upon the resolution was postponed until the 1st of July.

When the appointed day came, Mr. Lee's resolution was taken up, in committee of the whole, and 20 nine colonies agreed to it. On the following day, July 2d, the final vote was taken upon it by Congress, and all the colonies, except one, voted in favor of it.

In the meanwhile, on the 28th of June, the Declaration of Independence had been submitted. It was 25 the work chiefly of Thomas Jefferson; but the task of urging its adoption by Congress fell mainly upon



From the Painting by John Trumbull.

Signing the Declaration of Independence.

Engraved by E. Heinemann.

John Adams. No sooner was Mr. Lee's resolution disposed of than the Declaration was taken up and read. Each article was considered and separately discussed. The whole matter was bitterly opposed by some of the members; but after a debate which 5 lasted for nearly three days, the Declaration, as it now stands, was adopted.

It was signed on the 4th of July, by John Hancock, the president of Congress, and published on the same day; but not until the 2d of August, after it 10 had been engrossed, were the names of the other members affixed to it.

The famous painting by John Trumbull represents the interior of the hall as it was supposed to be at the moment when the Declaration was finally passed. 15 In the president's chair sits John Hancock, before him stand Jefferson and Adams and Franklin, while around the hall, in dignified silence, sit or stand the other delegates from the colonies—great men all, whose names will be remembered so long as our 20 Republic shall endure.

II.

The following story, more fanciful than true, is often told of the manner in which the adoption of the Declaration was made known to the world:—

There was tumult in the city,
 In the quaint old Quaker town,
 And the streets were rife with people
 Pacing restless up and down :
 5 People gathering at corners,
 Where they whispered, each to each,
 And the sweat stood on their temples,
 With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
 10 Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
 So they beat against the State House,
 So they surged against the door ;
 And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
 15 Till the quiet street of chestnuts
 Was all turbulent with sound.

“ Will they do it ? ” “ Dare they do it ? ”
 “ Who is speaking ? ” “ What’s the news ? ”
 “ What of Adams ? ” “ What of Sherman ? ”
 20 “ Oh, God grant they won’t refuse ! ”
 “ Make some way, there ! ” “ Let me nearer ! ”
 “ I am stifling ! ” “ Stifle, then ;
 When a nation’s life’s at hazard
 We’ve no time to think of men.”

So they beat against the portal —

Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven

On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan

5

Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom
All unconquered rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple

Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant

10

And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready

On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,

15

Very happy news to tell.

See! see! the dense crowd quivers

Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal

Looks forth to give the sign!
With his small hands upward lifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair, —
Hark! with deep clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

20

Hushed the people's swelling murmur —
 List the boy's strong joyous cry !
 "Ring!" he shouts aloud ; " Ring Grandpa,
 Ring ! Oh, ring for liberty !"
 5 And straightway, at the signal,
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 And sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.

How they shouted ! what rejoicing !
 10 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calm gliding Delaware.
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Illumed the night's repose,
 15 And from the flames, like Phoenix,
 Fair liberty arose !

That old bell now is silent,
 And hushed its iron tongue,
 But the spirit it awakened
 20 Still lives — forever young !
 We'll ne'er forget the bellman,
 Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out our independence ;
 Which, please God, shall never die !

LITTLE JEAN.

A Christmas Story.

I.



Once upon a time, so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date, there was a little boy whose name was Jean. He lived with his aunt in a tall old house in a city whose name is so hard to pronounce that nobody can speak it. He was seven 5 years old, and he could not remember that he had ever seen his father or his mother.

The old aunt who had the care of little Jean was very selfish and cross. She gave him dry bread to eat, of which there was never enough; and not more 10 than once in the year did she speak kindly to him.

But the poor boy loved this woman, because he had no one else to love; and there was never a day so dark that he did not think of the sunlight.

Everybody knew that Jean's aunt owned a house 15 and had a stocking full of gold under her bed, and so she did not dare to send the little boy to the school for the poor, as she would have liked to do. But a schoolmaster on the next street agreed to teach him for almost nothing; and whenever there 20 was work he could do, he was kept at home.

The schoolmaster had an unkind feeling for Jean, because he brought him so little money and was

dressed so poorly. And so the boy was punished very often, and had to bear the blame for all the wrong that was done in the school.

The little fellow was often very sad; and more
5 than once he hid himself where he could not be seen and cried as though his heart would break. But at last Christmas came.

The night before Christmas there was to be singing in the church, and the schoolmaster was to be
10 there with all his boys; and everybody was to have a very happy time looking at the Christmas candles and listening to the sweet music.

The winter had set in, very cold and rough, and there was much snow on the ground; and so the
15 boys came to the schoolhouse with fur caps drawn down over their ears, and heavy coats, and warm gloves, and thick high-topped boots.

But little Jean had no warm clothes. He came shivering in the thin coat which he wore on Sundays
20 in summer; and, there was nothing on his feet but coarse stockings very full of holes, and a pair of heavy wooden shoes.



The other boys made many jokes about his sad looks and his worn-out clothes. But
25 the poor child was so busy, blowing his fingers and thumping his toes to keep them warm, that he did not hear what was said. And when the hour came,

the whole company of boys, with the schoolmaster at the front, started to the church.

II.

It was very fine in the church. Hundreds of wax candles were burning in their places, and the air was so warm that Jean soon forgot his aching fingers. 5 The boys sat still for a little while; and then while the singing was going on and the organ was making loud music, they began in low voices to talk to one another; and each told about the fine things that were going to be done at his home on the morrow. 10

The mayor's son told of a monstrous goose that he had seen in the kitchen before he came away; it was stuffed, and stuck all over with cloves till it was as spotted as a leopard. Another boy whispered of a little fir tree in a wooden box in his mother's parlor; 15 its branches were full of fruits and nuts and candy and beautiful toys. And he said that he was sure of a fine dinner, for the cook had pinned the two strings of her cap behind her back, as she always did when something wonderfully good was coming. 20

Then the children talked of what Santa Claus would bring them, and of what he would put in their shoes, which, of course, they would leave by the fireplace when they went to bed. And the eyes of the little fellows danced with joy, as they thought of the 25

bags of candy and the lead soldiers, and the grand jumping jacks which they would draw out in the morning.

But little Jean said nothing. He knew that his
5 selfish old aunt would send him to bed without any supper, as she always did. But he felt in his heart that he had been all the year as good and kind as he could be; and so he hoped that kind Santa Claus
10 would not forget him nor fail to see his wooden shoes which he would put in the ashes in the corner of the fireplace.

III.

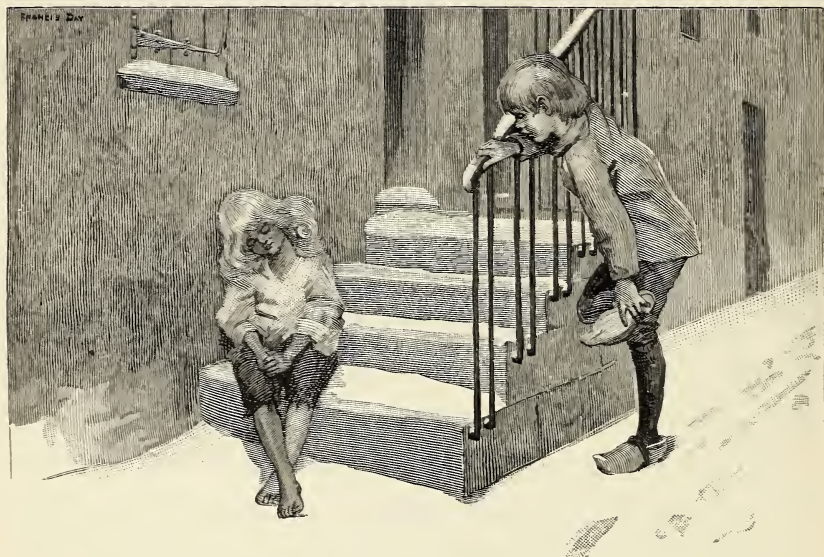
At last the singing stopped, the organ was silent, and the Christmas music was ended. The boys arose in order and left the church, two by two, as they
15 had entered it; and the teacher walked in front.

Now, as he passed through the door of the church, little Jean saw a child sitting on one of the stone steps and fast asleep in the midst of the snow. The child was thinly clad, and his feet, cold as it was,
20 were bare.

In the pale light of the moon, the face of the child, with its closed eyes, was full of a sweetness which is not of this earth, and his long locks of yellow hair seemed like a golden crown upon his head.
25 But his poor bare feet, blue in the cold of that winter night, were sad to look upon.

The scholars, so warmly clad, passed before the strange child, and did not so much as glance that way. But little Jean, who was the last to come out of the church, stopped, full of pity, before him.

“Ah, the poor child!” he said to himself. “How 5
sad it is that he must go barefoot in such weather as



His poor bare feet were sad to look upon.

this! And what is still worse, he has not a stocking, nor even a wooden shoe, to lay before him while he sleeps, so that kind Santa Claus can put something in it to make him glad when he awakens.” 10

Little Jean did not stand long to think about it; but in the goodness of his heart, he took off the wooden shoe from his right foot and laid it by the

side of the sleeping child. Then, limping along through the snow, and shivering with cold, he went down the street till he came to his cheerless home.

“You worthless fellow!” cried his aunt. “Where
5 have you been? What have you done with your other shoe?”

Little Jean trembled now with fear as well as with the cold; but he had no thought of deceiving his angry aunt. He told her how he had given the shoe
10 to a child that was poorer than himself. The woman laughed an ugly, wicked laugh.

“And so,” she said, “our fine young gentleman takes off his shoes for beggars! He gives his wooden shoe to a barefoot! Well, we shall see. You may
15 put the shoe that is left in the chimney, and, mind what I say! If anything is left in it, it will be a switch to whip you with in the morning. To-morrow, for your Christmas dinner, you shall have nothing but a hard crust of bread to eat and cold
20 water to drink. I will show you how to give away your shoes to the first beggar that comes along!”

The wicked woman struck the boy upon the cheek with her hand, and then made him climb up to his bed in the loft. Sobbing with grief and pain, little Jean
25 lay on his hard, cold bed, and did not go to sleep till the moon had gone down and the Christmas bells had rung in the glad day of peace and good will.

In the morning when the old woman arose grumbling and went downstairs, a wonderful sight met her eyes. The great chimney was full of beautiful toys and bags of candy and all kinds of pretty things; and right in the midst of these was the wooden shoe which Jean had given to the child, and near it was its mate in which the wicked aunt had meant to put a strong switch.



The woman was so amazed that she cried out and stood still as if in a fright. Little Jean¹⁰ heard the cry and ran downstairs as quickly as he could to see what was the matter. He, too, stopped short when he saw all the beautiful things that were in the chimney. But as he stood and looked, he heard people laughing in the street.¹⁵ What did it all mean?

By the side of the town pump many of the neighbors were standing. Each was telling what had happened at his home that morning. The boys who had rich parents and had been looking for beautiful²⁰ gifts, had found only long switches in their shoes.

But, in the meanwhile, Jean and his aunt stood still and looked at the wonderful gifts around the two wooden shoes. Who had placed them there? And where now was the kind, good giver?²⁵

Then, as they still wondered, they heard the voice

of some one reading in the little chapel over the way: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these—" And then, in some strange way, they understood how it had all come about; and even the
 5 heart of the wicked aunt was softened. And their eyes were filled with tears and their faces with smiles, as they knelt down together and thanked the good God for what he had done to reward the kindness and love of a little child.

— *Adapted from the French of François Coppée.*



HENRY'S BREAKFAST.

10 Henry's father was fond of asking him puzzling questions. One day he said, "How many people do you suppose helped to get the breakfast that you ate this morning?"

"Two," answered Henry, without stopping to
 15 think. "Mother made the coffee, and Mary broiled the steak and fried the eggs and did all the rest of the work."

Mr. K. Yes, but that was only a small part of what was done in order that you might begin the
 20 day with a good, wholesome meal. Many people whom you never saw were at work weeks and months ago, helping to get that breakfast.

Henry. I don't see how that could be.

Mr. K. Well, let us begin with the coffee.

Henry. Yes. Mother made that.

Mr. K. She only made it ready for you to drink.



Away off in the southern part of Arabia, or per- 5
haps it was in the sunny land of Brazil, a young
man gathered and dried the berries of which
the coffee was made. Another man carried the
coffee berries to market; a trader in coffee
bought them; one of his servants packed them, 10
with more than a bushel of such grains, in a
strong coffee sack; a sailor carried the coffee
on board of a ship, and another sailor took it
down into the ship's hold. The ship sailed across
the sea, and after it had reached New York the 15
coffee was taken out of the hold, and other men
carried it to the shore. A truckman hauled the
bags away from the wharf, a commission merchant's
workmen stored them in a warehouse. By and
by the village grocer bought some of the coffee, 20
and among it were the very berries that were used
for you this morning. The expressman carried it
to the grocery store; the grocer's clerk ground the
berries in his coffee mill; and the grocer's boy
brought the pulverized coffee to your mother yester- 25
day. Now, how many persons helped to make your
coffee and get it ready for you to drink?

Henry. Fourteen or fifteen, besides mother.

Mr. K. But you have not counted all. Your coffee was made up in large part of water which somebody must have drawn up from the
 5 well or forced through the water pipes from the waterworks. It also contained milk or cream, which the milkman brought to the door.

Henry. Oh, yes, I see. And there was
 10 sugar in it, too, which came from —
 from —



Mr. K. The sugar came from Louisiana, or it may be from Cuba. A good many people took part in the making of that sugar. One man planted and
 15 cultivated the sugar cane; another cut it, and hauled it to the mill; a third passed it through great rollers which squeezed all the juice out of it; a fourth saw that the juice was emptied into boilers or evaporating pans; a fifth kept the fire burn-
 20 ing underneath the boilers; a sixth drained off the sirup from the granulated sugar; a seventh put the sugar into a barrel and made it ready for shipment; an eighth rolled the barrel into a wagon; and a ninth hauled it to the wharf at the
 25 bank of the river. Indeed, it would be hard to say how many people, first and last, helped you to that spoonful of sugar. At least fifty, I should say.



Henry. And all that labor for a cup of coffee! I never thought of it before.

Mr. K. All that, and more too! If we knew the entire history of the coffee which you drank so thoughtlessly and yet with so much relish, we should find that it required the labor of several hundred persons to make it ready and bring it to you.

Henry. Mary brought it to me. But the coffee was only a small part of my breakfast.

Mr. K. True! There was the bread. It was made from wheat which I suppose grew in Dakota. Think of the man that sowed the wheat, of him that reaped it, of him that threshed it, of him that hauled it to market—and then of the millers and merchants and grocers and bakers who ground it and bought and sold the flour and prepared it for your use. You may count them for yourself if you can.



Henry. I am sure I could never count them. But, now that I think of it, there were the baking powder and the salt. It must have taken a good many men to make them, too.

Mr. K. There is no doubt about it. Then, besides the coffee and the bread, there is the beefsteak which Mary broiled so nicely for you. A few weeks ago it was a part of a living animal roaming at will in the grassy fields. How many people do you

think were engaged, first in taking care of the ox, and then in preparing his flesh and bringing it to us, all ready for the broiling?

Henry. I should think fifty, at least.

5 *Mr. K.* Then, you had potatoes, didn't you? The gardener brought them in from his own fields, and so they did not pass through very many hands. You have already spoken of the salt. It came, no doubt, from the salt
10 wells of Michigan, or of New York, and many men found work in the making of it. The pepper with which you seasoned your potatoes was brought from the East Indies, on the other side of the world.



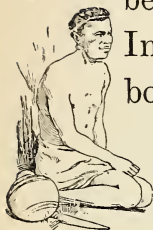
15 *Henry.* It makes me feel quite rich to think that so many people have been at work getting things for my breakfast.

Mr. K. Yes; you might say that you have servants in every part of the world, and that more
20 than a thousand persons whom you never saw are busy every day, preparing and getting together and carrying the good things that you use for food.

Henry. But they work for other people as well as for me. Indeed, it seems as if everybody is working
25 for everybody else.

Mr. K. It is just so. And if we should speak of your clothing and of your books and of your amuse-

ments, we might number your servants by the tens of thousands. Here, indeed, is the great difference between a civilized people and a barbarous people. In civilized life everybody is served by everybody else. But the savage does everything for 5 himself. He raises his own corn, he prepares his own food, he makes his own clothing, he builds his own house. His wants are few and simple. He has no servant but himself.



Henry. Haven't you forgotten his poor wife? I 10 have heard that she is his servant.

Mr. K. That is true. In fact, she does the greater part of his work, and she alone gets his breakfast. There is nobody on the other side of the world picking coffee berries for him. No ships are sailing 15 across the sea to bring him spices and sugar. No steam cars are hurrying over the land, laden with bread and meat for him. Do you think that he can enjoy his breakfast as well as you do yours?

Henry. I don't see how he can. 20

Mr. K. Well, a great deal depends upon what a person is accustomed to. The savage has never known anything about the luxuries which we have, and he would not know how to use them if he had them. He enjoys himself in his own rude way; but 25 his pleasures are few and selfish, and he knows nothing of the real joys of life.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Woodman, spare that tree !

Touch not a single bough !

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

5 'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot ;

There, woodman, let it stand,

Thy ax shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,

10 Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,

And wouldst thou hew it down ?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke !

Cut not its earth-bound ties ;

15 Oh, spare that aged oak

Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy,

I sought its grateful shade ;

In all their gushing joy

20 Here too my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here ;

My father pressed my hand ;

Forgive this foolish tear,

But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

5

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

Old Ironsides at anchor lay
 In the harbor of Mahón;
 A dead calm rested on the bay,
 The waves to sleep had gone,
 When little Jack, the captain's son,
 With gallant hardihood,
 Climbed shroud and spar, and then upon
 The main truck rose and stood.

10

15

A shudder ran through every vein,
 All eyes were turned on high;
 There stood the boy with dizzy brain
 Between the sea and sky.
 No hold had he above, below;
 Alone he stood in air!
 At that far height none dared to go,
 No aid could reach him there.

20

We gazed, but not a man could speak ;
 With horror all aghast,
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
 We watched the quivering mast.
 5 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
 And of a lurid hue,
 As, riveted fast to the spot,
 Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck. He gasped,
 10 " O God, thy will be done ! "
 Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
 And aimed it at his son.
 " Jump far out, boy, into the wave,
 Jump, or I fire ! " he said.
 15 " That chance alone your life can save ;
 Jump ! jump, boy ! " — He obeyed.

He sank, — he rose, — he lived, — he moved, —
 He for the ship struck out.
 On board we hailed the lad beloved
 20 With many a joyous shout.
 His father drew, in silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 Then folded to his heart the boy,
 And fainted on the deck.

— *George P. Morris.*

THE STAGECOACH.

I.

Eighty years ago there were no such things as railroads; and so, when Tom Brown was sent down to Rugby to the famous boys' school which is there, he had to ride in a stagecoach. The story of his



The coachmen gather up their horses and pass one another.

journey is told in a delightful book called "Tom 5
Brown's School Days." This book, which has given
pleasure to many thousands of young readers, was
written by Thomas Hughes, an Englishman; and
the story of the ride to Rugby is about as follows:

It is three o'clock in the morning of a November 10
day, and Tom Brown and his father are in a little

wayside tavern waiting for the fast coach that is expected to pass some time before daylight. Tom's father has ordered a luncheon to be served, and their last hour together has passed very pleasantly.

5 The lad has swallowed his last mouthful, and is winding his comforter round his throat and tucking the ends into the breast of his coat, when the sound of the horn is heard. The next moment they hear the ring and the rattle of the four fast trotters and
10 the town-made coach as they dash up to the door of the tavern.

"Anything for us, Bob?" says the burly guard, dropping down from behind and swinging his arms to keep warm.

15 "Young gentleman, Rugby; three parcels, Leicester; hamper of game, Rugby," is the answer.

"Tell the young gent to look alive," says the guard, throwing in the parcels. "Here, make a place for this satchel up a-top — I'll fasten it soon.
20 Now then, sir, jump up behind."

"Good-bye, father — my love at home."

A last shake of the hand.

Up goes Tom, the guard catching his hat box and holding on with one hand, while with the other he
25 claps the horn to his mouth.

Toot, toot, toot! the four bays plunge forward, and away goes the tallyho into the darkness.

Tom stands up on the coach and looks back at his father as long as he can see him there under the flaring tavern lamp. He wonders if the folks at home have already begun to miss him. Then he settles himself in his seat, and finishes his buttonings 5 and other preparations for facing the three hours before dawn ; — no joke for those who cared for the cold, this riding on a fast coach in chilly November.

But it had its pleasures, the old dark ride. For there was the music of the rattling harness, and the 10 ring of the horses' feet on the hard road, and the glare of the two bright lamps through the steaming frost, and the cheery toot of the guard's horn, and the looking forward to daylight, and last, but not least, the delight of having the feeling return to 15 your numbed toes which you thought had certainly been frozen off your feet. Then the break of dawn, and the sunrise ; where can they ever be seen so well as from the roof of a stagecoach ?

And now the tallyho is past St. Alban's, and Tom 20 is enjoying the ride, though half-frozen. The guard, who is alone with him on the back of the coach, is silent, but has muffled Tom's feet up in straw, and put the end of an oat sack over his knees. In the darkness, Tom has gone over his little past life, and 25 thought of all his doings and promises, and of his mother and sister, and his father's last words. He

has made fifty good resolutions, and means to bear himself like a brave Brown as he is, although a young one. He is full of hope and life, in spite of the cold, and kicks his heels against the
 5 back board, and would like to sing, only he doesn't know how his friend the guard might take it.

II.

And now the dawn breaks, and the coach pulls up at a little road-
 10 side inn with huge stables behind. There is a bright fire gleaming through the red curtains of the windows, and the door is open. The coachman catches his whip into a
 15 double thong and throws it aside; the steam of the horses rises straight up into the air. He has put them along fast, over the last two miles, and is two minutes before his time; he rolls down from the box and into the inn.
 20 The guard rolls off behind. "Now, sir," says he to Tom, "you just jump down and warm yourself up a bit!". . .

But they are soon out again, and up. The coachman comes last, swinging himself up on to the box
 25 — the horses dashing off in a canter before he falls



into his seat. Toot, toot, toot! goes the horn, and away they are again, five and thirty miles on their road, and the prospect of a warm breakfast soon.

Now it is light enough to see, and the early life of the country comes out—a market cart or two, men ⁵ going to their work pipe in mouth, a pack of hounds jogging along at the heels of a huntsman.

The sun comes up, and the mist shines like silver gauze. An up coach meets them, and the coachmen gather up their horses and pass one another with a ¹⁰ lift of the elbow, each team going eleven miles an hour, with a mile to spare behind if necessary.

And here comes breakfast.

III.

“Twenty minutes here, gentlemen!” says the coachman, as they pull up at half-past seven at ¹⁵ the inn door.



There is the low wainscoted room hung with sporting prints; the hat-stand by the door; the blazing fire; the table covered with the whitest of cloths ²⁰ and china, and bearing a pigeon pie, a ham, a round of cold boiled beef, and the great loaf of household bread on a wooden trencher. And here comes the stout head waiter puffing under a tray of hot ²⁵

foods : chops and steaks, poached eggs, buttered toast and muffins, coffee and tea, — all smoking hot.

The table can never hold it all ; the cold meats are taken away — they were only put on for show
5 and to give us an appetite. And now fall on, gentlemen, fall on !

“Tea or coffee, sir ?” says the head waiter, coming round to Tom.

“Coffee, please,” says Tom, with his mouth full of
10 muffin and chops.

Our coachman, who breakfasts with us, is a cold-beef man, and he shuns all hot drinks. He must keep his nerves in trim for the long drive that is still before him. Tom has eaten of the
15 pigeon pie, and drank coffee, till his little skin is as tight as a drum. Then he has the further pleasure of paying the head waiter out of his own purse, after which he walks out and stands before
20 the inn door to see the horses put to the coach. No hurry about this. The coachman comes out with his waybill ; and the guard is soon there, too.



“Now, sir, please !” says the coachman. All the
25 passengers are up ; the guard is shutting the door. The horses are impatient to be going.

“Let ’em go, Dick !”

Away we fly through the market place and down the High Street, looking in at the first-floor windows, and seeing several worthy gentlemen shaving before them. And, as we rattle past, all the shopboys who are cleaning the windows, and the housemaids who are washing the steps, stop and look pleased as if we were a part of their morning's amusement.

We clear the town, and are well out between the hedgerows as the town clock strikes eight. Before noon, we shall be in Rugby.

10



THE ENGLISH SLAVE BOYS IN ROME.

I.



Gregory.

When the English people first settled in the island which is now called England, they were little better than savages. They were a heathen people, and worshiped Odin and Thor, and had many rude and cruel customs. This was more than fourteen hundred years ago.

It so happened that, some time later, there was living in Rome a good and kind priest whose name was Gregory. As this priest was one day walking in the market place, he stopped to see some men, women, and

children who had been brought from a distant land and were to be sold as slaves. Among them were some beautiful boys, with fair skin and long fair hair. Their looks so pleased him that he could
 5 not pass them by. He asked from what part of the world they came, and whether they were Christians or heathen. He was told that they were heathen boys from the island of Britain. Gregory was sorry to think that forms so fair without should have no
 10 light within, and he again asked what was the name of their nation.

“They are Angles,” was the answer — for that was the old form of the word English.

15 “Angels!” cried Gregory; “they have the faces of angels, and they ought to be made fellow heirs of the angels in heaven. But what is the name of their king?”

“He is called *Ælla*,” said one who stood by.

20 “*Ælla*! Surely, then, *Alleluia* must be sung in his land.”

Gregory then went to the Pope and asked if he would not let him go to England to convert the Angles who lived there. The Pope was willing;
 25 but the people loved Gregory so much that they would not agree to part with him. So nothing came of the matter for some time.



The Slave Boys.

II.

We do not know whether Gregory was ever able to do anything for the poor little English boys, but we may be sure that he did not forget his plan of converting the English people. After a while he 5 became pope himself. Of course he now no longer thought of going to Britain himself, for he had enough to do at Rome. But he could send others.

At last a company of monks was sent out, with one called Augustine at their head. This was in 10 the year 597. At that time England was not a single great nation as it is now. It was divided into several small kingdoms, and these were nearly all the time at war. One of these kingdoms was Kent, in the southeastern part of the island, and its king, 15 whose name was Ethelbert, had made himself master of nearly all the other kings.

This Ethelbert had done what no English king had done before: he had married a foreign wife, the daughter of one of the kings of the Franks, who 20 lived in the country now called France. Now the Franks had long been Christians; and when Ethelbert's young queen went over into Kent, it was agreed that she might keep her own religion. So she took with her a Frankish bishop, and she and 25 her bishop used to worship God in a little church near Canterbury, called Saint Martins.

So King Ethelbert and his people must have known something about the Christian faith before Augustine came. One would suppose that it would have been easier for the queen's bishop to convert them than
 5 for Augustine to do so. But perhaps they did not think that a man who had come only as a kind of servant to the queen, was so well worth listening to as one who had come all the way from the great city of Rome.

10 Augustine and his companions landed first in the Isle of Thanet, which is close to the eastern shore of Kent, and thence they sent a message to King Ethelbert saying why they had come into his land. The king sent word back to them to stay in the
 15 isle till he had fully made up his mind how to treat them ; and he gave orders that they should be well taken care of meanwhile.

After a while he came himself into the isle, and bade them tell him what they had to say. He
 20 met them in the open air ; for he would not meet them in a house, as he thought they might be wizards, and might use some charm or spell, which would have less power out of doors. So they came, carrying a cross wrought in silver, and sing-
 25 ing hymns as they came. And when they came before the king, they preached to him and to those who were with him, telling them, no doubt, how

there was one God, who had made all things, and how He had sent His son to die for mankind.

King Ethelbert hearkened to them, and then made answer like a good and wise man.

“Your words and promises,” said he, “sound very 5 good unto me; but they are new and strange, and I can not believe them all at once, nor can I leave all that I and my fathers have believed so long. But I see that you have come from a far country to tell us that which you believe to be true; so you may 10 stay in the land, and I will give you a house to dwell in and food to eat; and you may preach to my folk, and if any man of them will believe as you believe, I will hinder him not.”

So he gave them a house to dwell in in the royal 15 city of Canterbury, and he let them preach to the people. And, as they drew near the city, they sang hymns and said: “We pray Thee, O Lord, let Thy wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia!” 20

Thus Augustine and his companions dwelt at Canterbury, and preached to the men of the land. And many men hearkened to them, and before long King Ethelbert himself believed and was baptized; and before the year was out more than ten thousand of 25 the people had become Christians.

— *Adapted from Edward A. Freeman.*

THE UPRISING — 1775.

The first battle in the war for independence was fought at Lexington and Concord, in Massachusetts, April 19, 1775. Although there were no telegraph lines at that time, and no means of sending letters rapidly from place to place, the news
 5 of this battle spread like wildfire to all parts of the country. The patriotic spirit of the people was roused. Farmers left their plows, merchants and shopkeepers left their business — there was a general uprising throughout the land to oppose the unjust laws of the English king, and to drive his soldiers
 10 from American soil. In this poem, which is extracted from a longer poem entitled “The Wagoner of the Alleghanies,” Thomas Buchanan Read narrates an incident which is supposed to have occurred at that time in Virginia.

Out of the North the wild news came,
 15 Far flashing on its wings of flame,
 Swift as the boreal light which flies
 At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
 The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
 20 And through the wide land everywhere
 The answering tread of hurrying feet,
 While the first oath of Freedom's gun
 Came on the blast from Lexington;
 And Concord, roused, no longer tame,
 25 Forgot her old baptismal name,
 Made bare her patriot arm of power,
 And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak

The church of Berkeley Manor stood :

There Sunday found the rural folk,

And some esteemed of gentle blood.

In vain their feet with loitering tread

5

Passed mid the graves where rank is naught ;

All could not read the lesson taught

In that republic of the dead.

The pastor rose : the prayer was strong ;

The psalm was warrior David's song ;

10

The text, a few short words of might, —

“The Lord of hosts shall arm the right !”

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,

Of sacred rights to be secured ;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame

15

The startling words for Freedom came,

The stirring sentences he spake

Compelled the heart to glow or quake ;

And, rising on his theme's broad wing,

And grasping in his nervous hand

20

The imaginary battle brand,

In face of death he dared to fling

Defiance to a tyrant king.

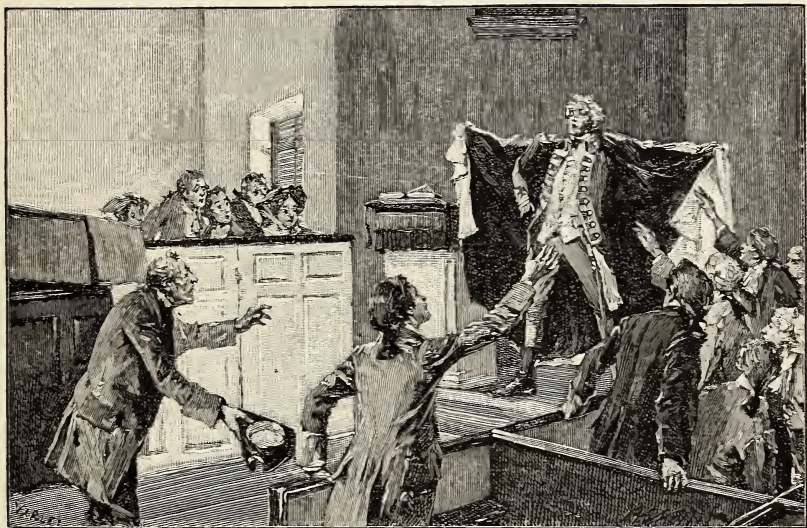
Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed

In eloquence of attitude,

25

Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;

Then swept his kindling glance of fire
 From startled pew to breathless choir ;
 When suddenly his mantle wide
 His hands impatient flung aside,
 5 And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
 Complete in all a warrior's guise.



"When God is with our righteous cause,"

A moment there was awful pause, —
 When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor ! cease !
 God's temple is the house of peace !"
 10 The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause :
 His holiest places then are ours,
 His temples are our forts and towers

That frown upon a tyrant foe :
 In this the dawn of Freedom's day
 There is a time to fight and pray !”

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so —
 The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
 Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
 So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
 Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And then the startling drum and fife
 Fired the living with fiercer life ;
 While overhead with wild increase,
 Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before :
 It seemed as it would never cease ;
 And every word its ardor flung
 From off its jubilant iron tongue

Was, “ War ! War ! War ! ”

“ Who dares ” — this was the patriot's cry,
 As striding from the desk he came —
 “ Come out with me in Freedom's name,
 For her to live, for her to die ? ”

A hundred hands flung up reply,
 A hundred voices answered “ I ! ”

SIF'S GOLDEN HAIR.

I. THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

This is a story which the people in the far North, a long time ago, delighted to listen to when sitting before their fires on cold winter days. It made
 5 them think of the warm spring weather that was coming by and by, of the green grass that would cover the meadows, and
 10 more than all of the golden harvest that would crown the summer time. For Sif was the queen of the fields and of the
 15 growing grain, just as her husband, rough old Thor, was the lord of the storm clouds and the thunder; and people said that she was as
 20 gentle and kind as he was rude and strong.



Sif was the queen of the fields.

Sif was very fair; and there was one thing of which she was a trifle vain. That was her long silken hair, which fell in glossy waves almost to her feet.
 25 On calm, warm days she liked to sit on the bank

of some still pool and gaze at her own beauty pictured in the water below, while she combed and braided her flowing tresses; and in all the world there was nothing so much like golden sunbeams as the hair of which she was so proud. 5

At that time there was living in the same country a cunning mischief-maker called Loki, who was never pleased save when he was plotting trouble for some one who was better than himself. He liked to meddle with business which was not his own. 10 His tricks and jokes were seldom of the harmless kind, although great good sometimes grew out of them.

When Loki saw how proud Sif was of her long hair, and how much time she spent in combing and 15 arranging it, he planned a very cruel piece of mischief. One day he hid himself among the rocks near the pool where Sif was sitting, and slyly watched her all the morning as she braided and unbraided those wonderful silken tresses. At last, 20 overcome by the warmth of the noonday sun, Sif fell asleep upon the grassy bank. Then Loki quietly crept near, and with his sharp shears cut off all that wealth of hair, and shaved her head until it was as smooth as her snow-white hand. 25 Then he hid himself again, and chuckled with great glee at the wicked thing he had done.

By and by Sif awoke, and looked into the water; but she started back with horror and affright at the image which she saw there. She felt of her shorn head; and, when she knew that that which had
 5 been her joy and her pride was no longer there, she knew not what to do. Hot, scalding tears ran down her cheeks, and with sobs and shrieks she began to call loudly for Thor. Forthwith there was a terrible uproar. The lightning flashed, the
 10 thunder rolled, and an earthquake shook the rocks and trees. Loki, looking out from his hiding place, saw that Thor was coming, and he trembled with fear; for he knew that should the great thunderer catch him, he would have to pay dearly
 15 for his sport. He ran quickly to the river, leaped in, changed himself to a salmon, and swam away.

But Thor was not so easily deceived; for he had long known Loki, and understood all his cunning. So when he saw Sif bewailing her stolen hair and
 20 beheld the salmon hurrying alone towards the deep water, he was at no loss to understand what had happened. Straightway he took upon himself the form of a sea gull, and soared high up over the water. Then, poising a moment in the air, he darted, swift
 25 as an arrow, down into the river. When he rose from the water, he held the struggling salmon tightly grasped in his strong talons.

“Vile mischief-maker!” cried Thor, as he alighted upon the top of a neighboring crag. “I know thee, and I will make thee rue the work of this day.”

When Loki saw that he was known and that he 5 could not by any means get away from his angry captor, he changed himself back to his own form, and humbly said to Thor:

“What if you should do your worst with me? Will that give back a single hair to Sif’s shorn 10 head? What I did was only in fun, and I really meant no harm. I pray you, spare my life, and I will more than make good the mischief I have done.”

“How can that be?” asked Thor. 15

“I will hasten to the secret smithies of the dwarfs,” answered Loki; “and I will persuade those cunning little kinsmen of mine to make golden tresses for Sif, which will grow upon her head like real hair, and cause her to be an hundred-fold more beautiful 20 than before.”

Thor knew that Loki did not always do as he promised, and hence he would not let him go. He called to his cousin Frey, who had just come up, and said: 25

“Come, cousin, help me to rid the world of this sly thief. While I hold fast to his hair and his

long slim arms, do you seize him by the heels, and we will give his limbs to the fishes and his body to the birds, for food."

Loki, now terribly frightened, fell upon the
 5 ground and kissed Frey's feet and humbly prayed for mercy. He promised that, if he might go, he would bring from the dwarf's smithy, not only the golden hair for Sif, but also a mighty hammer for Thor, and a swift steed for Frey. So earnest were
 10 his words and so pitiful was his plea, that Thor at last set him free and bade him hasten with all speed upon his errand. Quickly, then, and with a light heart, did Loki hurry away in search of the smithy of the dwarfs.

II. THE SMITHY OF THE DWARFS.

15 Loki made his way across a vast desert moorland and came, after three days, into the barren hill country and among the rugged mountains of the South. There an earthquake had split the rocks asunder, and opened dark and bottomless gorges, and hollowed out
 20 many a low-walled cavern, where the light of day was never seen. Along deep, winding ways, Loki went, squeezing through narrow crevices, creeping under huge rocks, and gliding through crooked clefts, until he came at last into a great underground hall, where
 25 his eyes were dazzled by a light that was stronger

and brighter than the day ; for on every side were glowing fires, roaring in wonderful little forges and blown by wonderful little bellows.

The roof of the cavern was thickly set with diamonds and other precious stones, which sparkled and 5 shone like thousands of bright stars in the blue sky. And hundreds of busy dwarfs, with comical brown faces, and wearing strange leathern aprons, and carrying heavy sledge hammers or long crooked tongs, were hurrying hither and thither, each busy at his 10 own task. Some were smelting gold from the rocks ; others were making gems and jewels, such as the proudest lady in the land would have been glad to wear. Here, one was shaping pure, round pearls from dewdrops and maidens' tears ; there, another 15 wrought green emeralds from the first leaves of spring. So busy were they all, that they neither stopped nor looked up when Loki came into their midst, but all kept on hammering and blowing and working, as if their lives depended on their being 20 always in motion.

After Loki had curiously watched their movements for some time, he spoke to the dwarf whose forge was nearest to him, and made known his errand. But the little fellow was fashioning a diamond which 25 he called the Mountain of Light ; and he scarcely looked up as he answered :

“I do not work in gold. Go to Ivald’s sons; they will make whatever you wish.”

To Ivald’s sons, then, in the farthest and brightest corner of the hall, Loki went. They very readily
 5 agreed to make the golden hair for Sif, and they began to work at once. A lump of purest gold was brought and thrown into the glowing furnace; and it was melted and drawn, and melted and drawn, seven times. Then it was given to a merry brown
 10 elf, who carried it with all speed to another part of the hall, where the dwarfs’ pretty wives were spinning. One of the little women took the yellow lump from the elf’s hands and placed it, like flax, upon the distaff of her spinning wheel. Then she sat down
 15 and began to spin; and while she span, the dwarf wives sang a strange, sweet song of the old, old days when the dwarf folk ruled the world. And tiny brown elves danced gleefully around the spinner, and the thousand little anvils rang out a merry chorus to
 20 the music of the singers.

And the yellow gold was twisted into threads, and the threads ran into hair softer than silk and finer than gossamer. And at last the dwarf woman held in her hand long golden tresses ten times more beau-
 25 tiful than the amber locks Loki had cut from Sif’s pretty head. Then Ivald’s sons, proud of their skill, gave the treasure to the mischief-maker, who smiled

as if he were well pleased ; but in his heart he was angry because the dwarfs had made so fair a piece of workmanship.



She sat down and began to spin.

“ This is indeed handsome,” said he, 5
 “ and will be very becoming to the queen of the fields. Ah, but wasn’t there an uproar about those flaxen tresses of which she was so proud ? And that reminds me that her husband, gruff 10 old Thor, wants a hammer. I promised to get him one, and if I go back without it, I fear he will be rude to me. I pray you to make a hammer, such as will be of use to him in killing giants, and allow me to take it to him as a present from you.” 15

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(OVER)

“We can not make it now,” said the elder of Ivald’s sons. “For who would dare send a present to Thor before offering one to Odin, who is greater than he?”

5 “Make me, then, a gift for Odin,” cried Loki; “and perhaps he will save me from the Thunderer’s wrath.”

So the dwarfs put iron into their furnace, and heated it to a glowing white heat. Then they drew
10 it out and rolled it upon their anvils, and pounded it with their sledges, till they had wrought a wondrous spear, such as no man had ever seen. Then they inlaid it with priceless jewels, and plated the point with gold seven times tried.

15 “This is the spear called Gungner,” said they. “Take it to mighty Odin as the best gift that we humble earth workers can send.”

“Make now a present for gentle Frey,” said Loki. “I have promised to take him a steed that will bear
20 him swiftly wherever he wants to ride.”

Ivald’s sons again threw gold into the furnace, and blew with their bellows till the very roof of the cave hall seemed to tremble, and the smoke rolled up the wide chimney, and poured in dense black clouds from
25 the mountain top. When they left off working, and the fire died away, a fairy ship, with masts and sails and two banks of long oars, rose out of the glow-

ing coals ; and it grew in size till it filled the greater part of the hall and might have furnished room for a thousand warriors and their steeds to stand in its hold. Then, at a word from the dwarfs, it began to shrink, and it became smaller and smaller 5 till it was no broader than an oak leaf.

And the younger of Ivald's sons folded it up like a napkin, and gave it to Loki, saying :

“ Take this to Frey, the gentle. It is the ship Skidbladner. When it is wanted for a voyage, 10 it will carry Frey and all his friends. But, when it is not needed, he may fold it up, as I have done, and carry it in his pocket.”

“ But I promised him a horse,” said Loki.

“ And we send him a horse,” answered the dwarf 15 — “ a horse of the sea.”

Although much disappointed because he had gotten no present for Thor, Loki thanked the dwarfs very heartily ; and taking the golden hair and the spear and the ship, he started for home. 20

III. THE GIFTS OF THE ELVES.

Just before he reached the narrow doorway which led out of the cavern, Loki met two elves much smaller and much darker than any he had seen before.

“What have you there?” asked one of them, whose name was Brok.

“Hair for Sif, a spear for Odin, and a ship for Frey,” answered the mischief-maker.

5 “Let us see them,” said Brok.

Loki kindly showed them the strange gifts, and told them that it was his belief that there was no dwarf nor elf in all the world that had ever made anything more wonderful.

10 “Who made these things?” inquired Brok.

“Ivald’s sons.”

“Ah! Ivald’s sons sometimes do good work, but there are others among us who can do better. My brother Sindre, who stands here, can make three
15 other treasures much more wonderful than these.”

“He can not!” cried Loki.

“What will you wager that he can not?” asked Brok. “What will you wager against all the diamonds in the ceiling above us?”

20 “What will I wager? Why, I will wager my head that Sindre can do no such thing.”

The three went straightway to Sindre’s forge, and the elf began his task. When the fire was roaring hot and the sparks flew from the chimney like
25 showers of shooting stars, Sindre put a pigskin into the furnace, and bade Brok blow the bellows with all his might, and never stop until he should speak

the word. The flames leaped up white and hot, and the furnace glowed with a dazzling light, while Brok plied the bellows, and Sindre, with unblinking eyes, watched the slowly changing colors which played around the melted mass within. While the 5 brothers were thus intent upon their work, Loki changed himself to a huge horsefly, and, settling upon Brok's hand, bit him without mercy. But the brave fellow kept on blowing the bellows, and stopped not till his brother cried out: 10

“Enough!”

Then Sindre drew out of the flames a huge wild boar with long tusks of ivory, and golden bristles that glittered like the beams of the noonday sun.

“This is Golden Bristle,” said Sindre. “It is the 15 gift of Brok and his brother to the gentle Frey. The ship Skidbladner may carry him over the sea; but Golden Bristle shall be a trusty steed which will bear him with the speed of the wind over the land and through the air and whithersoever he may 20 wish to go.”

Next the elfin smiths threw gold into the furnace, and Brok plied the bellows and Sindre gazed into the flames as before. And the great horsefly buzzed in Brok's face, and darted at his eyes, and at last 25 settled upon his neck and stung him till the pain caused big drops of sweat to roll off his forehead.

But the brave fellow stopped not nor faltered, till his brother again cried out :

“Enough !”

This time Sindre drew out a wondrous ring of
5 solid gold, sparkling all over with the rarest and most costly jewels.

“This is the ring Draupner,” said he. “Every ninth day eight other rings, equal to it in every way, will drop from it. Wheresoever it is carried, it
10 will enrich the earth and make the desert blossom as a rose ; and it will bring plentiful harvests and fill the farmers’ barns with grain and their houses with good cheer. Take it, brother Brok, to Odin as the best gift of the elves to him and to mankind.”

15 Lastly the smiths took iron which had been brought from the mountains of the far North ; and after beating it upon their anvils until it glowed white and hot, Sindre threw it into the furnace.

“This shall be the gift of gifts,” said he to Brok.
20 “Ply the bellows as before, and do not for your life stop or falter until the work is finished.”

But as Brok blew the bellows, and his brother gazed into the glowing fire, the horsefly came again. This time it bit Brok’s eyelids till the blood filled
25 his eyes and ran down his cheeks, and blinded him so that he could not see. At last, in sore distress and wild with pain, Brok let go of the bellows, and

lifted his hand to drive the fly away. Then Sindre drew his work out of the furnace. It was a blue steel hammer, well made in every way, save that the handle was half an inch too short.

“This is Mjolner, or the Crusher,” said Sindre to 5
Loki, who had again taken his proper shape. “Thor, the thunderer, may have the hammer which you promised him; but it shall be our gift, and not yours. The stoutest giant can not stand against him who is armed with this hammer, nor is any shield or 10
armor proof against its lightning strokes.”

And Brok took the three treasures which Sindre had fashioned, and went back with Loki to the dwelling of Thor in the distant North. And they chose Odin and Thor and Frey to examine and judge which 15
was best, — Loki’s three gifts, the work of Ivald’s sons, or Brok’s three gifts, the work of Sindre.

When the judges were seated, Loki went forward and gave to Odin the spear Gungner, that would always hit the mark; and to Frey he gave the ship 20
Skidbladner, that would sail whithersoever he wished. Then he gave the golden hair to Thor, who placed it upon the head of fair Sif; and it grew there, and was a thousand-fold more beautiful than the silken tresses of which she had been so proud. 25

“Where is the hammer that you promised to bring me?” asked Thor angrily. But Loki did not answer.

After the judges had looked carefully at these treasures and talked about the beauty and the value of each, little Brok came humbly forward and offered his gifts. To Odin he gave the ring Draupner,
 5 already dropping riches. To Frey he gave the boar Golden Bristle, telling him that wherever he chose to go, this steed would serve him well, and would carry him faster than any horse. And then to Thor he gave the Crusher, and said that it, like Odin's spear,
 10 would always hit the mark, crushing in pieces whatever it struck, and that whithersoever it might be hurled, it would always come back to its owner's hand again.

The judges declared at once that the hammer and
 15 the boar and the ring were the best gifts, and that Brok had fairly won the wager. But when the elf demanded Loki's head as the forfeit, the cunning mischief-maker laughed, and answered :

“My head is, by the terms of our agreement,
 20 yours; but my neck is my own, and you shall not on any account touch or harm it.”

So Brok went back to his brother and his glowing forge without the head of Loki; but he was loaded with rich and rare presents from Thor and golden-
 25 haired Sif.

— *From “The Story of Siegfried,” by permission of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons*



THE MEETING OF THE SHIPS.

When o'er the silent seas alone,
 For days and nights we've cheerless gone,
 Oh, they who've felt it know how sweet,
 Some sunny morn a sail to meet.

Sparkling at once is ev'ry eye,
 "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!" our joyful cry;
 While answering back the sounds we hear,
 "Ship ahoy! ship ahoy! what cheer? what cheer?"

Then sails are back'd, we nearer come,
 Kind words are said of friends and home;
 And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
 To sail o'er silent seas again.

— *Thomas Moore.*

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
 How many a tale their music tells,
 Of youth and home, and that sweet time
 When last I heard their soothing chime.

5 Those joyous hours are
 passed away;
 And many a heart that
 then was gay,
 Within the tomb now
 darkly dwells,
 And hears no more those
 evening bells.

And so 'twill be when
 I am gone;

10 That tuneful peal will
 still ring on,

While other bards shall walk these dells,
 And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.



Thomas Moore.

Few poets of the nineteenth century have equaled Thomas Moore in the power to combine words of a commonplace
 15 character into poetry, which charms the inner ear by its delightful cadence. The two poems here given are from his "National Airs." In reading them, observe the exquisite harmony of the words, and their perfect adaptation to the thoughts which they express and inspire.

SEARCHING FOR GOLD AND FINDING
A RIVER.

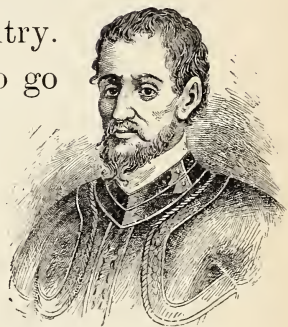
Three hundred and fifty years ago this country of ours was a wild land of woods and prairies and swamps. There were no broad farms nor busy towns nor roads from place to place; but the only inhabitants were Indians, and wild beasts were to 5 be found everywhere.

The people of Europe did not know much about America, for it had been only a few years since Columbus had shown them the way to it. They knew nothing about its great rivers or its lofty 10 mountains; nor did they know how far it reached to the north or south or west. They thought of it only as a place where there was much gold and silver, which might be had by fighting the Indians and taking it from them. 15

As the country had been discovered by the Spanish, it was said to belong to Spain; and nearly all the earliest comers were Spaniards who came in search of gold. Among them was a daring young man whose name was Ferdinand de Soto. He 20 made two or three visits to America, and each time gained a great deal of wealth. But he was not satisfied; for he wanted to explore the country north of the Gulf of Mexico, where no white man had yet

ventured, and see whether he might not win still more riches and renown.

He therefore fitted out some ships in grand style, with everything that was needed to
 5 conquer this new and unknown country. Great numbers of men were anxious to go with him, for every one expected to find a land that was rich in gold and silver and precious things. The ships
 10 reached the western coast of Florida early in the spring, and De Soto and his followers went on shore, full of high hopes and great expectations.



Ferdinand de Soto.

Everything was taken out of the ships: food
 15 and clothing, firearms and horses, a drove of hogs—the first ever seen in this country,—dogs for chasing the Indians, and whatever else might be of use in conquering and despoiling the land. Then, in order that no one should think of running away from
 20 danger, all the ships were sent back to Cuba. The men now knew that they must make the best of things or perish.

Soon the hunt for gold began. The country being unknown to the Spaniards, they were obliged
 25 to trust to Indian guides whom they forced to go with them. These guides led them into all sorts of dangerous places—sometimes through dismal

swamps where they were almost buried in the boggy ground, sometimes into trackless woods where they wandered for days uncertain which way to go.

Not much gold could they find in a land like this, and they did not care for anything else. Before ⁵ the summer was fairly over, the most of the men were ready to give up the undertaking and go home. But De Soto would not listen to them. And, indeed, how could they go home, now that the ships had sailed away? 10

Early the next spring they started again. They had found a new guide, who promised to lead them to a country that was full of gold and was governed by a queen. But although they traveled far, the Spaniards never came to such a country. They passed ¹⁵ through pleasant valleys where there were wild fruits in plenty, and myriads of beautiful flowers and singing birds; then they were obliged to cross deep rivers and dangerous swamps, and to make their way through dark forests and tangled thickets, ²⁰ where many of them perished.

Instead of fine cities and stores of gold, they found only a few poor Indian wigwams and dens of savage beasts. Winter came again, and as they were now much farther north, it was longer and ²⁵ colder than any they had ever known. But they took a little Indian village from its owners, fitted

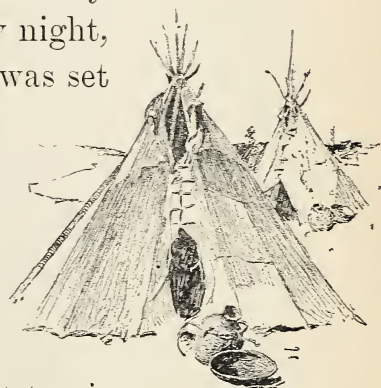
up the wigwams and built a few log huts, and made themselves as comfortable as they could until spring.

When they were ready to start again, De Soto called before him the Indian chief in whose country
 5 they were, and bade him furnish a number of men to go with the Spaniards and carry their arms and goods. That very night, when all were asleep, the village was set on fire. Eleven men were burned
 10 to death or were killed by the Indians; nearly all the horses perished; and the greater part of their arms and clothing was lost. But these losses only made
 15 De Soto the more determined not to give up the search for gold.

At length, those of the party who had lived through the hardships of a two years' march, came to the banks of a mighty river — the largest river
 20 they had ever seen. It was the Mississippi, the Father of Waters, as the Indians called it. So far as is certainly known, they were the first white men who had ever beheld it.

This was in the summer of 1541.

25 Two hundred canoes filled with Indians came from the other side of the river, bringing fish and fruits to give to the white strangers. De Soto set





Drawn by Arthur I. Keller

De Soto's First View of the Mississippi.

Engraved by Walter Aikman.

up a wooden cross near the shore, and claimed all the country for the king of Spain. And here the Spaniards staid nearly a month, building a boat that would be large enough and strong enough to
 5 carry the horses over to the other shore.

At last, having safely crossed the great river, they started again on the long search for gold. First they went north, then west, then south, and then back toward the river. New dangers and difficulties con-
 10 fronted them at every turn. Men and horses perished, and when De Soto at last came again to the banks of the Mississippi, he was almost alone.

"I am no common man," he said to an Indian chief who met him there. "I am a child of the
 15 sun. I can do anything that I choose, and no one can hinder me."

"Dry up the great river, and then I will believe you," said the Indian.

The hot days of summer came, and De Soto was
 20 taken sick and died. The few Spaniards who were still alive kept his death a secret; for they feared lest the Indians, knowing how little they could do without their leader, would make an attack upon them. One dark night they put his body into a boat
 25 and, rowing out to the middle of the stream, dropped it overboard into the great river which he had found while searching for gold.

BEAVERS AT HOME.

A beaver is a small animal about three feet in length. It is covered with fine, glossy, dark brown fur. Its tail is nearly a foot long, and has no hair at all, but only little scales, something like a fish. This ⁵ tail is of great use to the beaver, for it serves as a trowel, an alarm bell, and many other things besides.

A beaver can not bear to ¹⁰ live alone. He is never so happy as when he has two or three hundred friends close at hand whom he can visit every day and all day; ¹⁵ for beavers are the best and kindest neighbors in the world, always ready to help one another in building new houses or in repairing old ²⁰ ones.

Of course the first thing to be done when one is going to build a house or a village is to fix on a suitable site for it; and the spot which every beaver of sense thinks most desirable is either a large pond, ²⁵ or, if no pond is to be had, a low plain with a



A Beaver at Home.

stream running through it. For out of such a plain, a pond can be made.

It must be a very, very long time since beavers first learned that the way to make a pond out of
5 a stream is to build a dam across it. To begin with, they must know which way the stream runs, and in this they never make a mistake.

They first gather together a number of stakes about five feet long, which they fix in rows tight in
10 the ground on each side of the stream. While the older beavers are doing this, — for the safety of the village lies in the strength of the foundation, — the younger ones are fetching and heaping up many green branches of trees. These branches are woven
15 in and out among the rows of stakes, which by this time reach across the stream, and a dam is formed, perhaps a hundred feet in length.

When the foundation has been finished, the beavers pile stones, clay, and sand upon it until they
20 have built a wall ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom and two or three feet thick at the top. After all this has been done, the overseer or head beaver goes carefully over every part to see if the dam is of the right shape and is everywhere smooth
25 and even; for beavers do not like poor work, and any who are lazy or careless are sure to be punished.

When the dam has been finished and the pond made,

the beavers begin to think about their houses. As they have a great dislike to damp floors, they have to raise their dwellings quite six or eight feet above the water, so that when the stream rises during the rainy season they will still be dry and comfortable. 5

Beavers are always quite clear in their minds as to what they want, and how to get it, and they like to keep things distinct. When they are in the water, they are as happy as they can be; but when they are out of it, they like to be dry. It is some- 10 times two or three months before the village is finished. But the little round huts are to be used only for winter homes; for no beaver would think of sleeping indoors during the summer, or, indeed, of staying two days in the same place. 15

All that a beaver does is well done. The walls of his house are about two feet thick, and when he has a large family or many friends to stay with him the house is sometimes three stories high. No beaver ever thinks of keeping house alone. Sometimes 20 he will have one companion, and sometimes as many as thirty. But however full a hut may be, everything is kept in good order. Each beaver has his fixed place on the floor, which is covered with dry leaves and moss. A door is always kept open into 25 the place where their food is kept, and so they never go hungry. There they lie all through the winter,

eating the bark and tender shoots of young trees which they have carefully stored away, sleeping through the cold stormy weather, and at last getting very fat.

5 At one time there were many beavers in the West and the South, but now there are very few to be found there. Many years ago a Frenchman who was traveling in Louisiana spent a good deal of time in watching beavers and learning about their ways.
10 He hid himself close to a dam which the little creatures had built, and in the night he cut a hole about a foot wide right through it.

He had made no noise while cutting through the dam, but the rush of the water aroused one beaver
15 who was not sleeping as soundly as the others. This beaver left his hut quickly, and swam to the dam to see what was wrong. As soon as he saw the channel that had been dug, he struck four loud blows with his tail, and every beaver in the village
20 left his bed and rushed out in answer to the call. When they reached the dam and saw the large hole in it, they took counsel as to what they should do. Then the head beaver gave orders to the rest, and all went to the bank to make mortar.

25 When they had made as much mortar as they could carry, they loaded each other's tails, and forming in line marched to the dam. The mortar was

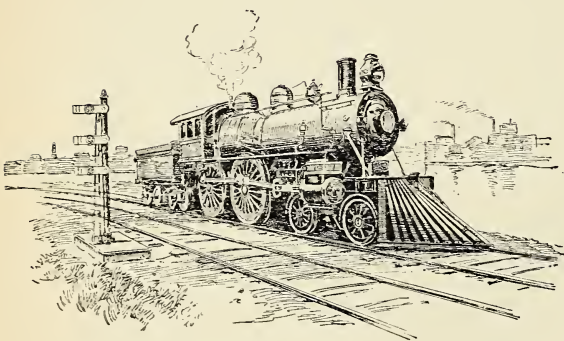
placed in the hole and driven down tight by blows from the beavers' tails. So hard did they work, and so much sense did they show, that in a short time the dam was as good as ever. Then one of the older beavers struck two blows with his tail, and in a few minutes all were in bed and asleep again. 5

— *Adapted from "Animal Biography" by William Bingley.*



THE IRON HORSE.

See him as he stands on the track, ready to begin the race! Did any war horse ever look prouder, stand firmer, brace himself so bravely 10 for the onset?



He breathes short and quick, filling his lungs with air and puffing it out through 15 his flaming nostrils.

He swallows his food at a gulp — black stones which become red fire in his great stomach. He drinks more water than a dozen camels making ready for a desert journey. 20 He is restive, and yet easy to be controlled. He

trembles with impatience. With his fifty tons' weight he shakes the earth around him.

See his iron sinews, how tense, how ready for action they are! and think of the wonderful power
 5 that lies dormant within them, soon to be awakened to energetic life!

And now the master gives the word—it is only a motion of his hand. The steed whinnies with delight, he moves, he starts. No spur, nor whip,
 10 nor guiding rein for him! If he has plenty to eat and drink, he will do whatever he is bidden.

See how steadily and with what force he moves at the beginning of the race! His momentum becomes greater with every movement of those iron muscles;
 15 his speed increases; he neighs with delight as his master gives him the reins.

On, on, thou swifter than the west wind! On, thou star chaser! The fleetest steed in the world can not overtake thee!

20 Snorting, neighing, puffing, whistling, he speeds onward; he crosses rivers without slacking his pace; he rushes through villages and towns, shrieking in his pride and never pausing; he dives under mountains, and his one great eye shines like a meteor in
 25 the dark caverns through which he hastens.

Out he leaps again, with a roar and a crash and a shrill scream which wakens all the countryside and

is echoed far among the hills. But now, at another motion of his master's hand, he slackens his speed; he curbs his wonderful power; his rattling pace becomes a smooth, gliding movement; he creeps; he stops.

He has carried his master, his groom, and five ⁵ hundred riders a distance of sixty miles in as many minutes. Yet he is not tired. He pants and trembles, it is true, but only because he is impatient to be going again. The groom pats him on the back; he smooths his shining black side; he polishes the ¹⁰ yellow stripes that girdle his body; he looks lovingly into his eye. Everybody admires him.

How docile is the great steed! Although his strength is equal to that of a thousand war horses, his master can control it by the movement of a single ¹⁵ finger. How useful he is! He is your best servant. From the remotest corners of the world he brings your food and clothing; he will carry you to any place you may choose to go.

How powerful he is! He has made one neighbor- ²⁰ hood of our whole great continent; he has pretty well done away with distances; he has helped to civilize the world. Who says that he is only a mass of iron and steel, of senseless wheels and lifeless levers?

In all the world there is no horse like the iron ²⁵ horse.

— From "*The Horse Fair*," by permission of *The Century Co.*

LITTLE BELL.

Piped the blackbird on the beechwood
spray,

“Pretty maid, slow wandering this way,
What’s your name?” quoth he.

“What’s your name? It surely must
be told,

Pretty maid with showery curls of gold” —

“Little Bell,” said she.



Little Bell sat down beside the rocks,
And tossed aside her gleaming, golden
locks.

“Bonny bird,” quoth she,

“Sing me your best song before I go.”

“Here’s the very finest song I know,
Little Bell,” said he.



And the blackbird piped: you never
heard

Half so gay a song from any bird; —
Full of quips and wiles,

Now so round and rich, now soft and
slow,

All for love of that sweet face below,
Dimpled o’er with smiles.

And the while the bonny bird did pour
 His full heart out freely o'er and o'er,
 'Neath the morning skies,
 In the little childish heart below
 All the sweetness seemed to grow and grow,
 And shine forth in happy overflow
 From the blue, bright eyes.



Down the dell she tripped, and through the
 glade
 Peeped the squirrel from the hazel
 shade,
 And, from out the tree,
 Swung, and leaped, and frolicked, void
 of fear, —
 While bold blackbird piped, that
 all might hear,
 “Little Bell!” piped he.

Little Bell sat down amid the fern :
 “Squirrel, squirrel ! to your task return ;
 Bring me nuts,” quoth she.
 Up, away the frisky squirrel hies,
 Golden wood lights glancing in his eyes, —
 And adown the tree,
 Great ripe nuts, kissed brown by autumn’s sun,
 In the little lap, dropped one by one ; —

Hark, how blackbird pipes to see the fun !

“Happy Bell !” pipes he.

Little Bell looked up and down the glade :

“Squirrel, squirrel, from the nut-tree shade,

Bonny blackbird, if you're not afraid,

Come and share with me !”

Down came squirrel, eager for his fare,

Down came bonny blackbird, I declare !

Little Bell gave each his honest share ;

Ah ! the merry three !

And the while these woodland

playmates twain,

Piped and frisked from

bough to bough again.

'Neath the morning

skies,

In the little childish heart

below,

All the sweetness seemed

to grow and grow,

And shine out in happy

overflow

From her blue, bright eyes.



By her snow-white cot at close of day,

Knelt sweet Bell, with folded palms, to pray.

Very calm and clear
 Rose the childish voice to where, unseen,
 In blue heaven an angel shape serene
 Paused awhile to hear.



“What good child is this,” the
 angel said,

“That with happy heart be-
 side her bed,

Prays so lovingly?”

Low and soft, oh! very low
 and soft,

Piped the blackbird in the
 orchard croft,

“Bell, *dear* Bell!” piped he.

“Whom God’s creatures love,”
 the angel fair

Murmured, “God doth bless with angels’ care.

Child, thy bed shall be

Folded safe from harm. Love, deep and kind,

Shall watch around, and leave good gifts behind,

Little Bell, for thee!”

— *Thomas Westwood.*

THE LITTLE MAN.

I once knew a little man who every day grew twenty-four hours older without becoming any larger. This vexed him a great deal, for he wished very much to be tall and large like other men,
5 and he could not bear to hear people say, "Good morning, my little man!"

One day a bright idea came into his mind. He would go to the shoemaker's and have high heels put on his boots—that would make
9 him taller, at least. The shoemaker was very glad to see him. "Good morning, my little man," he said; "what can I do for you?"

"Master Crispin," he answered—for that was what he called the shoemaker—"Master Crispin, I
15 wish you would put a new pair of heels on my boots, and make them so high that people will stop calling me a little man. I am tired of such nonsense."

The shoemaker very kindly set to work, and when he had finished the boots and been paid for his work,
20 he said: "I hope that I have pleased you so well that you will call again another day. Good-bye, my little man!"

The little gentleman took his leave, greatly vexed that the shoemaker had no more respect for his feel-
25 ings. "It will be different with the innkeeper," he



thought; "he will open his eyes, and greet me by another name." So he went at once to the inn, and walked boldly through the front door into the hall, keeping himself all the time as straight as a young soldier on guard before the general's tent.



"Good morning, my little man," said the innkeeper; "what can I do for you to-day?"

Just think how the little man must have been vexed to find that his high heels had done him so little good. He turned about and hurried away, trying to think what further he might do in order to have people treat him with due respect.

Seeing a hat shop, he made up his mind to go in and buy the tallest hat that could be found. He was hardly inside the door when the hatter greeted him with, "Good morning, my little man! What can I do for you to-day?"

"I want to buy a hat," he said, "that will make me so tall that people will stop calling me a little man. It vexes me."

The hatter gave him a hat tall enough for a grenadier; and when he had gotten his money, he thanked his customer. "I hope you will like it. Good day, my little man!"

The little gentleman was very angry, but he said

nothing. "Now it will be different at the inn," he thought; and he hurried back, wearing his hat on the side of his head like an Englishman.

"Good morning, my little man," said the inn-keeper, smiling in a very friendly way. "What can I do for you now?"

You may imagine how the little man felt! What was the use of having such high heels and so tall a hat, when nobody seemed to notice that they had made him any larger? Up and down the street he went, asking all he met why it was that, in spite of his heels and his hat, he was still called little man. No one could or would tell him, and that vexed him all the more.



"What a dumb fellow I am!" thought he at last. "Who would expect common people like these to know anything? I will go up to the city and ask the governor. He knows everything."

And so, without loss of time, he packed his valise, and set out for the city.

On his way he stopped at a country tavern to pass the night. "A fine day to you, my little man," said the host; "where are you going at this pace?"

"I am going up to the city to talk with the governor," answered the little man, feeling very much out of humor. "I want to ask him why it is that,

in spite of my high heels and my tall hat, everybody has the ill manners to call me a little man. It makes me furious!"



"Good! good!" cried the host. "I have a mind to go along with you. I want to ask the governor why it is that everybody calls me the poor tavern keeper." Then, calling to the hostler, he said, "Here, John, you lazybones! stir yourself quickly, and pack my valise. I am going up to the city to see the governor." 10

"Master," said the hostler, "I should like to go too. I want to ask the governor why everybody calls me lazybones."

On reaching the city, the three friends went at once to the governor's house and asked to see the 15 governor. The servant led them into the parlor, where there was a very large mirror.



The governor listened to them very kindly, and then said to the tavern keeper: "Turn your back to this mirror; then look over your 20 left shoulder, and tell me what you see."

"What do I see!" cried the tavern keeper. "Why, I see a dozen women sitting round a table, and drinking tea, and talking. And there is my wife, as sure as you live!" 25

"Well, my friend," said the governor, "as long as your wife spends her time in this way, you will

not only be called a poor tavern keeper, but you will be a poor tavern keeper."

The hostler's turn came next. He stood up before the mirror, and looked over his left shoulder.

5 "Ha, ha!" he cried, "I see two dogs chasing a hare. They think to catch him, but they'll have to get up earlier in the morning if they do."

"Well, my friend," said the governor, "when you run as fast as this hare every time an order is given
10 you, people will stop calling you lazybones."

And now the little gentleman came forward.

"What do you see?" asked the governor.

"I see nothing but myself," he answered.

"Do you see yourself larger than you
15 are?"

"No, I see myself just as I am."

"Well," said the governor, "I have no doubt but that other people see you the same way. The only advice that I can
20 give you is to have yourself measured till you have really grown larger, then people will stop calling you little. Good-bye, my little man!"

The little gentleman went away not so well pleased as he wanted to be. But there are a good many
25 people who are no wiser than he. Did you never hear of any one who thought to become great by wearing fine clothes?



OUR COUNTRY.

Our country ! 'tis a glorious land !

With broad arms stretched from shore to shore,
The proud Pacific chafes her strand,

She hears the dark Atlantic roar ;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,

How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur dressed,
Enameled with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies, decked with flowers of gold,

Like sunlit oceans roll afar ;

Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,

Reflecting clear each trembling star ;

And mighty rivers, mountain born,

Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

Great God ! we thank thee for this home,

This bounteous birth-land of the free ;

Where wanderers from afar may come,

And breathe the air of liberty !

Still may her flowers untrampled spring,

Her harvests wave, her cities rise ;

And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,

Remain earth's loveliest paradise !

SOMETHING ABOUT COTTON.

Nobody knows when cotton was first used for clothing. People learned to cultivate useful plants long before they learned to write, and so none of our books are old enough to tell us who were the
5 first farmers, or bakers, or weavers. But until very recently cotton was spun into threads and woven into cloth by hand. This was a very slow process, and cotton goods, especially of the finer sort, were costly and scarce.

10 The muslins that are made in India have always been noted for their beauty. A traveler, writing more than two hundred years ago, describes some of these muslins as being "so fine that you can hardly feel them in your hand." Another gentle-
15 man describes a cotton fabric which he saw as being "so exceeding fine that when laid on the grass and dew has fallen on it, it is no longer visible."

These beautiful and delicate fabrics were not made by machinery. They were woven by hand on
20 looms of the coarsest and simplest kind. It is very seldom that such goods are made now. Since so much machinery has come into use, no one seems to care to acquire the skill that is necessary to produce work so wondrously fine.

25 When America was discovered, four hundred

years ago, cotton was found growing in the warmer parts of the country, and many of the natives knew how to weave it into cloth. Now four times as much cotton is grown in America as in all the rest of the world together.

5

Cotton is planted in the spring. The seeds are dropped into furrows and covered over with about an inch of soil. When the young plants are from six to ten inches high, they are thinned out, the stronger ones only being left standing.

10

Soon afterwards the top bud is nipped off the main shoot of each plant, so that it will send out more shoots, and thus bear more blossoms. The flowers begin to appear among the dark glossy leaves when the plant is from two to three feet high.



Cotton Plant.

The blossom lasts only two days. It opens in the morning a little after sunrise, and is then a pale straw color, which soon becomes white. It begins to close soon after noon, when a pale red streak may be seen running up each of its petals, and it is entirely closed by sunset.

20

Next morning, about sunrise, it opens again as fresh as ever; but it is now a beautiful pink. It lasts till sunset, when it again closes; but this time the petals wither and fall off, and leave a little pod, or boll as

25

it is called, about the size of a small bean. The blossom of the sea-island cotton does not change its color, but is always pale yellow.

The boll contains the seeds, which are surrounded
 5 by a white pulp. As the boll ripens, the pulp dries up, and the seeds become covered with long silky hairs. These hairs grow longer and longer till they completely fill the boll, and at last they burst it open and hang out in snowy tufts several inches long.

10 The sooner these tufts are picked now, the better for the strength and whiteness of the cotton.

From the middle of August to the end of September is the usual picking season.

The soft, white, fluffy cotton is gathered
 15 in bags or baskets and spread out on the ground to dry.

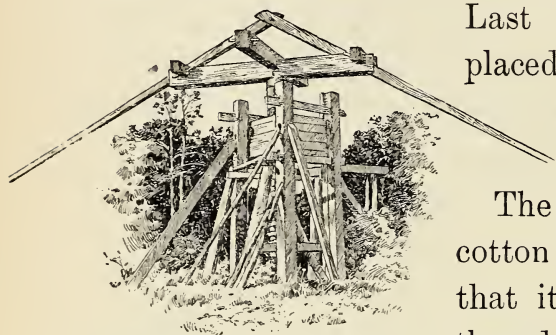


Picking Cotton.

The next thing to be done is to re-
 move the seeds from the fibers among which
 they have grown. This was formerly done by hand,
 20 and it took a long time. Now it is done very rapidly by a machine called a cotton gin. This machine was invented about a hundred years ago by Eli Whitney, and since then the cultivation and manufacture of cotton has increased to a wonderful extent.

25 After the cotton has been "ginned," it is pressed and packed in bales and is ready to be sent away to be made into cloth. At the cotton mills the bales

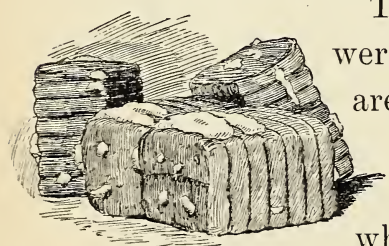
are unpacked and the cotton is cleaned very carefully. It is passed between two sets of fine wire points which comb it out straight and lay it flat. It is then spun into threads or yarn, and wound on spools.



Old-fashioned Cotton Press.

Last of all, the yarn is placed in looms, where it is woven into different kinds of cotton cloth.

The great usefulness of the cotton fiber is due to the fact that it can be twisted into a thread. Fibers that are perfectly smooth will not form a thread when they are twisted, but will pull apart from each other. But this is not the case with cotton fibers, which, under the microscope, appear like curling ribbons with thickened edges.



Bales of Cotton.

The seeds of the cotton plant, which were once thrown away as valueless, are now used for many purposes.

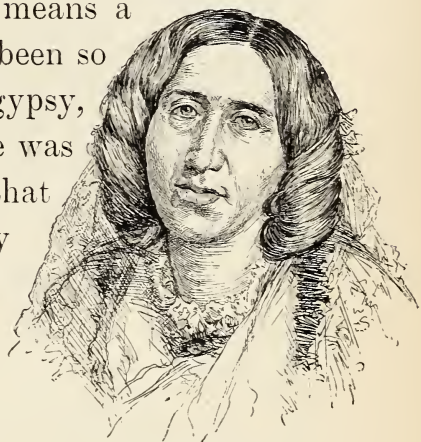
Those not needed for sowing are pressed between heavy rollers, when they yield a valuable oil which is used for cooking purposes, for making soap, or for mixing paints. The crushed mass of seeds is ground into cotton-seed meal, and in this shape is used for feeding cattle and as a fertilizer.

MAGGIE TULLIVER AND THE GYPSIES.

I.

In "The Mill on the Floss," a delightful book which you will read before you are much older, George Eliot has told us the story of Maggie Tulliver and her brother Tom. They lived at Dorlcote Mill
5 on the river Floss. One day they had a childish quarrel, which brought about the adventure that is here narrated.

Maggie resolved that she would not go home that day. No; she would run away and go to the
10 gypsies, and her brother Tom should never see her any more. That was by no means a new idea to Maggie; she had been so often told that she was like a gypsy, and "half wild," that when she was
15 miserable it seemed to her that the only way ever to be happy again would be to live in a little brown tent on the commons; the gypsies, she thought,
20 would be glad to welcome her and pay her respect on account of her superior knowledge. She had once spoken of this matter to Tom, and had gone so far as to suggest that he should stain his face brown, and they should



George Eliot.

run away together. But Tom had rejected the scheme with contempt, saying that the gypsies were thieves and that they had hardly anything to eat, and nothing to drive but a donkey.

To-day, however, Maggie thought her misery had 5 reached a point at which gipsydom was her only refuge: she would run straight away till she came to Dunlow Common, where there would certainly be gypsies; and cruel Tom, and the rest of her relations who found fault with her, should never see her any 10 more. She thought of her father as she ran along—but then, she would secretly send him a letter by a small gypsy, who would run away without telling where she was, and just let him know that she was well and happy, and always loved him very much. 15

The road seemed indeed very long, and Maggie, as she wandered desperately on, became not only very tired, but dreadfully hungry; for she had eaten but very little that day. . . . At last, however, the green fields came to an end, and she found herself looking 20 through the bars of a gate into a lane with a wide margin of grass on each side of it. She had come this long distance for the purpose of seeking her unknown kindred, the gypsies; and now she was in this strange lane, she hardly dared look on one 25 side of her lest she should see one of the dusky tribe.

It was not without a leaping of the heart that

she caught sight of a small pair of bare legs sticking up, feet uppermost, by the side of a hillock; and she was too much agitated at the first glance to see the ragged clothes and the dark, shaggy head
 5 attached to them. It was a boy asleep; and Maggie trotted along faster and more lightly lest she should wake him; she did not once think that he was one of her friends, the gypsies, and that he might have the kindest of manners. But the fact was so; for
 10 at the next bend of the lane, Maggie actually saw the little half-round, black tent, with the blue smoke rising before it, which was to be her refuge from all the trials that had pursued her in civilized life.

She even saw a female figure by the column of
 15 smoke — doubtless the gypsy mother who provided the tea and other groceries; and it was astonishing to herself that she did not feel more delighted. But it was startling to find the gypsies in a lane, after all, and not on a common; indeed, it was rather
 20 disappointing; for a mysterious common, where there were sand pits to hide in, and one was out of everybody's reach, had always made part of Maggie's picture of gypsy life. She went on, however, and thought with some comfort that gypsies
 25 most likely knew nothing about idiots, so there was no danger of their falling into the mistake of setting her down at the first glance as an idiot.

It was plain she had attracted attention; for the female figure, who proved to be a young woman with a baby on her arm, walked slowly to meet her. Maggie looked up into the new face as it approached,



"My little lady, where are you going?"

and was reassured by the thought that her Aunt 5 Pullet and the rest were right when they called her a gypsy; for this face, with the bright, dark eyes and long hair, was really something like what she used to see in the glass before she cut her hair off.

"My little lady, where are you going?" the 10 gypsy asked.

It was delightful, and just what Maggie expected;

the gypsies saw at once that she was a little lady, and were prepared to treat her accordingly.

“Not any farther,” said Maggie, feeling as if she were saying what she had rehearsed in a dream.

5 “I’m come to stay with *you*, please.”

“That’s pretty; come, then. Why, what a nice little lady you are, to be sure,” said the gypsy, taking her by the hand. Maggie thought her very agreeable, and wished she had not been so dirty.

10 There was quite a group round the fire when they reached it. An old gypsy woman was seated on the ground nursing her knees, and now and then poking a skewer into the round kettle that sent forth an odorous steam; two small, shock-headed children
15 were lying prone and resting on their elbows, something like small sphinxes; and a placid donkey was bending his head over a tall girl, who, lying on her back, was scratching his nose and indulging him with a bite of sweet, stolen hay. The slanting sun-
20 light fell kindly upon them, and the scene was very pretty and comfortable, Maggie thought, only she hoped they would soon set out the teacups. Everything would be quite charming when she had taught the gypsies to use a washing basin, and to feel an
25 interest in books. It was a little confusing, though, when the young woman began to speak to the old one in a language which Maggie did not understand,

while the tall girl, who was feeding the donkey, sat up and stared at her without offering any salutation.

At last the old woman said : " What, my pretty lady, are you come to stay with us ? Sit ye down, and tell us where you come from." 5

It was just like a story ; Maggie liked to be called pretty lady and treated in this way. She sat down and said : " I'm come from home because I'm unhappy, and I mean to be a gypsy. I'll live with you, if you like, and I can teach you a great many things." 10

" Such a clever little lady," said the woman with the baby, sitting down by Maggie, and allowing the baby to crawl ; " and such a pretty bonnet and frock," taking off Maggie's bonnet and looking at it, while she said something to the old woman in 15 the unknown language. The tall girl snatched the bonnet and put it on her own head, hind-foremost, with a grin. But Maggie was determined not to show any weakness on this point, as if she cared for the bonnet. 20

" I don't want to wear a bonnet," she said ; " I'd rather wear a red handkerchief like yours" (looking at her friend by her side). " My hair was quite long till yesterday, when I cut it off ; but I dare say it will grow again very soon," she added. She had 25 forgotten even her hunger at the moment in the desire to make herself stand well in gypsy opinion.

“Oh, what a nice little lady! — and rich, I’m sure,” said the old woman. “Didn’t you live in a beautiful house at home?”

“Yes, my home is pretty, and I’m very fond of
 5 the river, where we go fishing; but I’m often very unhappy. I should have liked to bring my books with me, but I came away in a hurry, you know. But I can tell you almost everything there is in my books — I’ve read them so many times; and that
 10 will amuse you. And I can tell you something about geography, too — that’s about the world we live in — very useful and interesting. Did you ever hear about Columbus?”

Maggie’s eyes had begun to sparkle and her cheeks
 15 to flush — she was really beginning to instruct the gypsies and gaining great influence over them.

II.

The gypsies themselves were not without amazement at this talk, though their attention was divided by the contents of Maggie’s pocket, which the friend
 20 at her right hand had by this time emptied without attracting her notice.

“Is that where you live?” said the old woman, at the mention of Columbus.

“Oh, no!” said Maggie, with some pity; “Colum-
 25 bus was a very wonderful man, who found out half

the world, and they put chains on him, and treated him very badly, you know; it's in my Catechism of Geography; but perhaps it's rather too long for me to tell before tea — *I want my tea so.*"

The last words burst from Maggie, in spite of herself, with a sudden drop from patronizing instruction to simple peevishness.

"Why, she's hungry, poor little lady," said the younger woman. "Give her some of the cold victual. You've been walking a good way, I'll be bound, my 10 dear. Where's your home?"

"It's Dorlcote Mill — a good way off," said Maggie. "My father is Mr. Tulliver; but we mustn't let him know where I am, else he'll fetch me home again. Where does the queen of the gypsies live?" 15

"What! Do you want to go to her, my little lady?" said the younger woman. The tall girl meanwhile was constantly staring at Maggie and grinning. Her manners were certainly not agreeable.

"No," said Maggie; "I'm only thinking that if 20 she isn't a very good queen, you might be glad when she died, and you would choose another. If I was a queen, I'd be kind to everybody."

"Here's a bit of nice victual, then," said the old woman, handing to Maggie a lump of dry bread 25 which she had taken from a bag of scraps, and a piece of cold bacon.

“Thank you,” said Maggie, looking at the food without taking it; “but will you give me some bread and butter and tea instead? I don’t like bacon.”

5 “We’ve got no tea nor butter,” said the old woman with something like a scowl, as if she were getting tired of coaxing.

“Oh, a little bread and treacle would do,” said Maggie.

10 “We ha’n’t got no treacle,” said the old woman crossly, whereupon there followed a sharp dialogue between the two women in their unknown tongue, and one of the small sphinxes snatched at the bread and bacon and began to eat it.

15 A little while afterwards two men came up, fierce-looking fellows, who began chattering with the women in the strange language which Maggie did not understand. From the tones of their voices it seemed that they were quarreling, and Maggie,
20 frightened at their rough manners, could scarcely keep from bursting into tears.

She felt that it was impossible she should ever be queen of these people, or ever give them amusing and useful knowledge. At last the younger woman,
25 in her previous coaxing tone, said:

“This nice little lady’s come to live with us; aren’t you glad?”

"Ay, very glad," said the younger, who was looking at Maggie's silver thimble and other small matters that had been taken from her pocket. The woman saw she was frightened.

"We've got nothing nice for a lady to eat," said the old woman in her coaxing tone, "and she's so hungry, sweet little lady!"

"Here, my dear, try if you can eat a bit o' this," said the younger woman, handing some of the stew on a brown dish with an iron spoon to Maggie. 10

If her father would but come by in the gig and take her up! Or even if Jack the Giant Killer, or Mr. Greatheart, or St. George who slew the dragon on the half-pennies, would happen to pass that way! But Maggie thought with a sinking heart that these 15 heroes were never seen in this neighborhood. . . .

"What! you don't like it, my dear!" said the young woman, observing that Maggie did not take even a spoonful of the stew. "Try a bit — come."

"No, thank you," said Maggie, summoning all 20 force for a desperate effort, and trying to smile in a friendly way. "I haven't time, I think, it seems getting darker. I think I must go home now, and come again another day, and then I can bring you a basket with some jam tarts and nice things." 25

Maggie rose from her seat; but her hope sank when the old gypsy woman said, "Stop a bit, stop a

bit, little lady; we'll take you home all safe, when we've done supper."

Maggie sat down again, with small faith in this promise, though she presently saw the tall girl putting a bridle on the donkey, and throwing a couple of bags on his back.

III.

"Now, then, little Missis," said the younger man, rising, and leading the donkey forward, "tell us where you live — what's the name o' the place?"

"Dorlcote Mill is my home," said Maggie eagerly.

"What! a big mill a little way this side o' St. Ogg's?"

"Yes," said Maggie. "Is it far off? I think I should like to walk there, if you please."

"No, no, it'll be getting dark; we must make haste. And the donkey'll carry you as nice as can be — you'll see."

He lifted Maggie as he spoke, and set her on the donkey. She felt relieved that it was not the old man who seemed to be going with her, but she had only a trembling hope that she was going home.

"Here's your pretty bonnet," said the young woman, putting that recently despised but now welcome article of costume on Maggie's head; "and you'll say we've been very good to you, won't you? and what a nice little lady we said you was?"

“Oh, yes, thank you,” said Maggie; “I’m very much obliged to you. But I wish you’d go with me, too.”

She thought anything was better than going with one of the dreadful men alone; it would be more 5 cheerful to be murdered by a larger party.

It now appeared that the man also was to be seated on the donkey, holding Maggie before him, and she was as incapable of remonstrating against this arrangement as the donkey himself, though no 10 nightmare had ever seemed to her more horrible. When the woman had patted her on the back and said “Good-bye,” the donkey, at a strong hint from the man’s stick, set off at a rapid walk along the lane toward the point Maggie had come from an 15 hour ago, while the tall girl and the rough urchin, also furnished with sticks, escorted them for the first hundred yards, with much screaming and thwacking.

The ride was, to Maggie, a most dreadful experience. . . . At last — oh, sight of joy! — the lane, 20 the longest in the world, was coming to an end, was opening on a broad highroad, where there was actually a coach passing! And there was a finger post at the corner; she had surely seen that finger post before — “To St. Ogg’s, 2 miles.” 25

The gypsy really meant to take her home, then; he was probably a good man, after all, and might

have been rather hurt at the thought that she didn't like coming with him alone.

As they passed the crossroad, Maggie caught sight of some one coming on a white-faced horse.



Maggie caught sight of some one coming.

5 “Oh, stop, stop!” she cried out. “There’s my father! Oh, father, father!”

The sudden joy was almost painful, and before her father reached her she was sobbing. Great was Mr. Tulliver’s wonder, for he had made a round from
10 Basset, and had not yet been home.

“Why, what’s the meaning o’ this?” he said,

checking his horse, while Maggie slipped from the donkey and ran to her father's stirrup.

"The little miss lost herself, I reckon," said the gypsy. "She'd come to our tent at the far end of Dunlow lane, and I was bringing her where she said 5 her home was. It's a good way to come."

"Oh, yes, father, he's been very good to bring me home," said Maggie. "A very kind, good man."

"Here then, my man," said Mr. Tulliver, taking out five shillings. "It's the best day's work you 10 ever did. I couldn't afford to lose the little maid; here, lift her up before me." . . .

"Why, Maggie, how's this — how's this?" he said, as they rode along, while she laid her head against her father and sobbed. 15

"Oh, father," sobbed Maggie, "I ran away because Tom was so angry with me. I couldn't bear it."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Mr. Tulliver, soothingly, "you mustn't think o' running away from father. What would father do without his little girl?" 20

"Oh, no, I never will again, father — never."

Mr. Tulliver spoke his mind very strongly when he reached home that evening, and the effect was seen in the remarkable fact that Maggie never heard one reproach from her mother, or one taunt from 25 Tom about this foolish business of her running away to the gypsies.

THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON LOW.



“ Oh, where have you
been, my Mary,
Oh, where have you been from
me ? ”

“ I have been to the top of the Caldon Low,
The midsummer night to see ! ”

“ And what did you see, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low ? ”

“ I saw the glad sunshine come down,
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,
All up on the Caldon Low ? ”

“ I heard the drops of the water made,
And the ears of green corn grow.”

“Oh, tell me all, my Mary —

 All, all that ever you know;
For you must have seen the fairies
 Last night on the Caldun Low.”

“Then take me on your knee, mother,
 And listen, mother of mine:
A hundred fairies danced last night,
 And the harpers they were nine;

“And their harp strings rang so merrily
 To their dancing feet so small;
But, oh! the words of their talking
 Were merrier far than all.”

“And what were the words, my Mary,
 That then you heard them say?”

“I’ll tell you all, my mother;
 But let me have my way.

“Some of them played with the water,
 And rolled it down the hill;
‘And this,’ they said, ‘shall speedily turn
 The poor old miller’s mill;

“‘For there has been no water
 Ever since the first of May;
And a busy man will the miller be
 At dawning of the day.

“ ‘Oh, the miller, how he will laugh
 When he sees the water rise !
 The jolly old miller, how he will laugh
 Till the tears fill both his eyes !’

“ And some they seized the little winds
 That sounded over the hill ;
 And each put a horn into his mouth,
 And blew both loud and shrill ;

“ ‘And there,’ they said, ‘the merry winds go
 Away from every horn ;
 And they shall clear the mildew dank
 From the blind old widow’s corn.

“ ‘Oh, the poor blind widow,
 Though she has been blind so long,
 She’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone
 And the corn stands tall and strong.’

“ And then some brought the brown lint seed
 And flung it down from the Low ;
 ‘And this,’ they said, ‘by the sunrise,
 In the weaver’s croft shall grow.

“ ‘Oh, the poor lame weaver,
 How he will laugh outright
 When he sees his dwindling flax field
 All full of flowers by night !’

“ And then outspoke a brownie,
 With a long beard on his chin,
 ‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,
 ‘ And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘ I’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,
 And I want to spin another ;
 A little sheet for Mary’s bed,
 And an apron for her mother.’

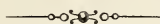
“ With that I could not help but laugh,
 And I laughed out loud and free ;
 And then on the top of the Caldun Low
 There was no one left but me.

“ But coming down from the hilltop
 I heard afar, below,
 How busy the jolly miller was,
 And how the wheels did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,
 And, sure enough, were seen
 The yellow ears of the mildewed corn
 All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,
 To see if the flax were sprung ;
 And I met the weaver at his gate
 With the good news on his tongue.

“Now this is all I heard, mother,
 And all that I did see;
 So prithee make my bed, mother,
 For I’m tired as I can be.”



THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

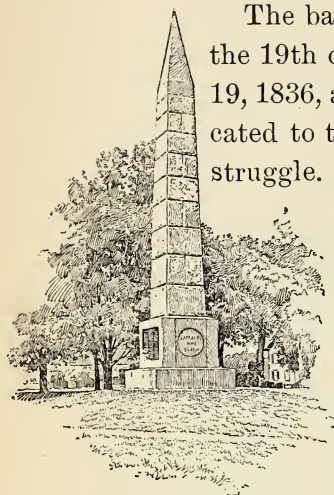
A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came
 5 down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came
 10 where he was; and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when
 15 he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, “Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.”

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was
 20 neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

THE CONCORD HYMN.

The battle of Lexington and Concord was fought on the 19th of April, 1775. Sixty-one years later, April 19, 1836, a monument, erected near Concord, was dedicated to the memory of the patriots who fell in that struggle. The following song was written for the occasion by Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Concord Monument.

By the rude bridge that arched the
flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers
stood

And fired the shot heard round the world.
The foe long since in silence slept ;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.
On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.
Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE TWO OFFAS.

I.

A very long time ago there lived a king of the Angles whose name was Wærmund. He had but one son, whose name was Offa; he was a tall youth and fair, but he was dumb. Moreover, the lad had
 5 been born blind, and he saw nothing till he was of the age of seven years. Now when King Wærmund grew old and Offa, his son, was about thirty years old, men began to say: "Lo, Wærmund has not much longer to live, and Offa, his son, is dumb.
 10 How can a dumb man reign over the Angles?"

Now there was one of the nobles of the Angles whose name was Rigan. And Rigan went to King Wærmund and said: "O King, thou art old, and thou hast no son save this Offa, who is dumb, and a
 15 dumb man can not reign over the English people. Now behold me here, and choose me, that I may be unto thee as another son while thou livest, and that when thou diest I may be thine heir and reign in thy stead."

20 But King Wærmund said to Rigan: "Thou shalt not be my son, neither will I give my kingdom for thee to reign over."

So Rigan gathered himself together an host to fight against King Wærmund. Then King Wær-

mund gathered together his aldermen and his thanes and all his wise men, and said unto them, "What shall we do, seeing Rigan cometh with an host to fight against us?"

And they made a truce with Rigan, so that he ⁵ and certain of his captains came and spake with the king and his wise men. And they sat for many days doubting what they should do, and one spake on this manner and another spake on that manner. For they would not that a dumb man should reign ¹⁰ over them, and yet it pleased them not to cast aside the royal house which had so long reigned over the people of the Angles.

Now on the last day Offa, the king's son, came and sat among the wise men. For though he was ¹⁵ dumb, yet could he hear and understand the words that men spake. So when he heard men say that he was not fit to reign over the people of the Angles, it grieved him to the heart, and he wept.

And when he was greatly moved, lo, the string ²⁰ of his tongue was loosed, and he spake among the wise men and said: "This now is wickedness, that any man should seek to drive me out of the seat of my father's, so that a stranger should reign instead of me over my people. Who is this Rigan that he ²⁵ should rise up against his king, and come to fight against him? Now, if he will stand up against me

to battle, I will smite him and all that abide with him; but all that abide with me and fight against him, them I will greatly honor.”



Lo, the string of his tongue was loosed.

So all men greatly wondered when they heard the
 5 dumb speak, and saw that he whom they despised
 had a strong heart within him. And the most of
 those who had followed Rigan were afraid and left
 him. But Rigan still stood up and defied the king
 and his son, and then went forth. Then the wise
 10 men said to the king:

“O King, thy son is of age and hath a stout
 heart; let him be girded with the belt of a fighting

man, and let him lead us forth to battle against Rigan and those that are with him.”^

So Offa was girded with the belt of a man of war, and he went forth to fight against Rigan and his followers. Now Rigan had two sons: the name of 5 the elder was Hildebrand, and the name of the younger was Swegen. And Hildebrand came forth to fight against Offa, but Offa smote him that he died. And when Swegen came to help his brother, Offa smote him, too. 10

So when Rigan saw that both his sons were dead, he fled, and was drowned in crossing a certain river. And Offa returned to Wærmund, his father, with great joy. And Wærmund gave up his kingdom to his son, and Offa reigned over the Angles, and all 15 the kings that were round about honored him.

II.

Now after many years there was a man of the Angles who dwelt in Mercia, whose name was Thingferth, and he was an alderman and a kinsman of the king. Now Thingferth had but one son, whose 20 name was Winfrith. And the child was lame, blind, and deaf from his birth; so that his parents had great sorrow. And they made a vow to God that, if He would of His mercy make the child whole, they would build a goodly monastery to His honor. 25

Now after a while there arose in Mercia a king named Beornred, who was not of the royal line. Wherefore he sought to slay all that were kinsfolk of the kings that had reigned before him. And
 5 when Thingferth heard this, he fled, and his wife with him. But the lad Winfrith was left behind, for Beornred sought not to slay him; for he counted that one who was deaf and blind and lame should never trouble his kingdom. And when Winfrith
 10 was left alone, God had pity on him, and He opened his eyes and he saw. Then he stretched forth his limbs and he walked. Lastly his ears were opened, and he tried to speak, and he spake plain.

And he grew and waxed strong and became a
 15 mighty man of valor. Then men said, "Lo, this youth is like Offa in the old time, who spake not till Rigan came to fight against Wærmund, his father." So his name was no longer called Winfrith, but Offa. And all men that hated Beornred and loved the
 20 house of the old kings gathered themselves unto Offa, and he became their captain.

Now Beornred heard that Winfrith lived and had waxed mighty, and that men no longer called him Winfrith but Offa, and it grieved him sore, and he
 25 repented that he had spared Winfrith and had not slain him when he sought to slay the house of his father. So Beornred gathered him an host to fight

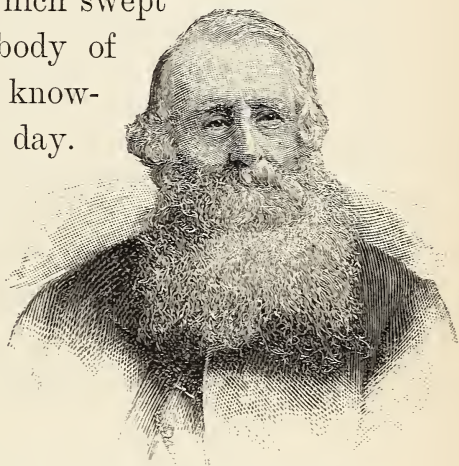
against Offa and the men that were with him. And when Offa heard of it, he gathered together all his friends and all the men that followed him, even a great host, and went forth to battle against Beornred.

And the battle waxed very sore, but towards even- 5
 tide Beornred was smitten that he died, and they that were with him fled and were scattered. Then all men came to Offa and said: "Lo, thou hast vanquished Beornred the tyrant, and thou art of the house of our old kings. Reign thou therefore over 10
 us, and we will serve thee and follow thee whithersoever thou leadest us." So they set the crown royal upon his head, and he reigned over all the people of the Angles that dwelt in Mercia. He sent for his parents back into the land, and when they died 15
 he buried them with great honor.

So Offa was king, and he waxed mighty, and he smote the Welsh ofttimes, and he warred mightily with the other kings of the Angles and Saxons that were in Britain. Moreover, he made a league with 20
 Charles, the king of the Franks, for that they two were the mightiest of all the kings that dwelt in the western lands. Moreover, he forgot not his father's vow, but he built a goodly minster and called it by the name of Alban, who was the first martyr of 25
 Christ in the isle of Britain in the old time when the Romans dwelt therein. And he built the minster

hard by the town of Verulam, where Alban had died. And men came to dwell round about the minster, so that there was a new town, and men called that town no longer Verulam but St. Albans.

5 And Offa reigned thirty-nine winters, and he died, and they buried him in a chapel by the river of Ouse, hard by the town of Bedford. But there was a great flood in the river, which swept away the tomb, and the body of
10 King Offa, so that no man knoweth where he lieth to this day.



Edward A. Freeman.

This legend of the two Offas, with many others of a similar kind, is related
15 in Professor Freeman's "Old English History." "This story," he says, "is told both by English and
by Danish writers, and no doubt it is one of many
20 old stories which are common to all the Teutonic nations. Or, perhaps, I should say that it is common to all the world, for you will easily see how like this story is to the tale of Croesus and his son in Herodotus. No doubt the story is one of those which the
25 English brought with them, and for which they sometimes found a place in their new land."

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

This song, familiar to every American, was written by Francis Scott Key, while on board the British frigate "Surprise" in the harbor of Baltimore, in 1814. The War of 1812 was still in progress. The British had laid siege to Baltimore and were directing their guns upon Fort McHenry. The flag on the fort could be distinctly seen through the earlier hours of the night by the glare of the battle; but the firing finally ceased, and the prisoners anxiously waited for the morning to see whether the colors still floated from the ramparts. Key's feelings found expression in "The Star-Spangled Banner," which he wrote hastily on the back of an old letter.

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the
perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly
streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there:

Oh, say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the
deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence
reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines on the stream:
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
 That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
 A home and a country should leave us no more?
 Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps'
 pollution;
 No refuge should save the hireling and slave
 From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave:
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved homes and war's desolation.
 Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued
 land
 Praise the power that hath made and preserved us
 a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "In God is our trust":
 And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

AMERICA.

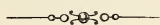
This song was written by Samuel F. Smith in 1832, for a children's Fourth of July celebration in the Park Street Church, Boston. It is more generally known, and has perhaps been oftener sung, than any other of our national melodies.

My country, 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side
 Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee —
 Land of the noble, free —
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break, —
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by thy might,
 Great God, our King.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

And he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

5 And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land; and he began to be in
 10 want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto
 15 him. And when he came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread

enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.” 5

And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

And the son said unto him, “Father, I have 10 sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.”

But the father said to his servants, “Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither 15 the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.” And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he 20 came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing.

And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant.

And he said unto him, “Thy brother is come; 25 and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound.”

And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him.

And he answering, said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I
 5 at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

10 And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

— *From the Gospel according to St. Luke.*



HOW DUKE WILLIAM MADE HIMSELF KING.

15 The conquest of England by the Normans under Duke William was one of the most remarkable events in history. The story of the manner in which it was accomplished has been told by Charles Dickens, in "A Child's History of Eng-
 20 land," very nearly as I will repeat here: —



Charles Dickens.

About eight hundred and fifty years ago there lived a king of England whose name was

Edward. He was selfish and cruel, and had done many wicked things; but because he gave gifts to the church and pretended to be very pious, and because there had been several Edwards before him, he was called Edward the Confessor.

5

Now when he came to be an old man and had no son to succeed him, the English people began to feel very uneasy; for they did not know who would be their king after his death. The most of them, however, were in favor of a young man whose name 10 was Harold, and who was brother-in-law to the king. Among all the men of England there was none braver or more noble than this Harold; and there was none better fitted to rule.

By his valor he had subdued the king's enemies 15 in many bloody fights. He was vigorous against the Scotch; and he had killed the restless king of Wales and brought his head to England. But it was whispered that Edward the Confessor was no friend to Harold, and that he had in mind another man 20 to succeed him. This man was William, the duke of Normandy, a country in the northern part of France. For King Edward had lived in Normandy in his younger days, and he had great friendship for the Norman people. Moreover, it was said that Duke 25 William was, in some way, a kinsman of the king, and therefore one of his heirs.

What Harold was doing at sea when he was driven on the French coast by a storm, is not at all certain ; nor does it at all matter. That his ship was wrecked on that shore, and that he was taken prisoner, there is no doubt. In those barbarous days, all shipwrecked strangers were taken prisoners and made to pay a ransom. So a certain Count Guy, whose lands and castle were near the place where the disaster happened, seized Harold and expected to make a good thing of it.

But Harold contrived in some way to send word to Duke William, complaining of this treatment. The duke no sooner heard of it than he ordered Harold to be brought to the ancient town of Rouen, where he then was, and where he received him as an honored guest.

Now some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor had gone so far as to make a will, appointing



A Ship of that Period.

Duke William his successor, and had informed the duke of his having done so. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that William had made up his mind to be, at all hazards, the next king of England. Knowing that Harold would be his most powerful 5 rival, he called together a great assembly of his nobles and offered Harold his daughter Adele in marriage. Then he declared that he meant, on King Edward's death, to claim the English crown as his own inheritance; and he required Harold then and 10 there to swear to aid him.

Harold, being in the duke's power, took this oath upon the Missal, or Prayer Book. It is a good example of the superstitious notions of those times, that this Missal was placed, not upon a table, but 15 upon a tub; and, when Harold had sworn, the tub was uncovered and shown to be full of dead men's bones — bones, as the monks said, of the holy saints. This was supposed to make Harold's oath a great deal more binding. 20

Within a week or two after Harold's return to England, the dreary old Confessor was found to be dying. After wandering in his mind, like a very weak old man, he died.

Harold was crowned King of England on the very 25 day of the old Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached

Duke William, he was hunting in his park at Rouen. But he at once dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles together, and sent some of them with a message to Harold, calling on him to
5 keep his oath and give up the crown.

Harold would do no such thing.

Then the barons of France joined themselves with Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to divide the wealth and
10 the lands of the English among those who would help him. The Pope sent him a consecrated banner, and blessed his enterprise. He was soon at the head of a strong army of daring men, and ready to take ship across the Channel.

15 King Harold had a rebel brother who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king had joined their forces and crossed the sea into the northern part of England, where they were burning towns and carrying terror
20 before them.

When word of their doings came to Harold, he was waiting for the Normans on the coast near Hastings; for it was known that Duke William intended to land there.

25 Harold at once gave orders to his army to march against these new foes in the north. He found them near Stamford Bridge on the river Derwent. They

were drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance to survey it, Harold saw a brave figure on horseback in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him. 5

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near." 10

He added in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother and tell him, if he will withdraw his soldiers he shall be Earl of Northumberland and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message. 15

"What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked his brother.

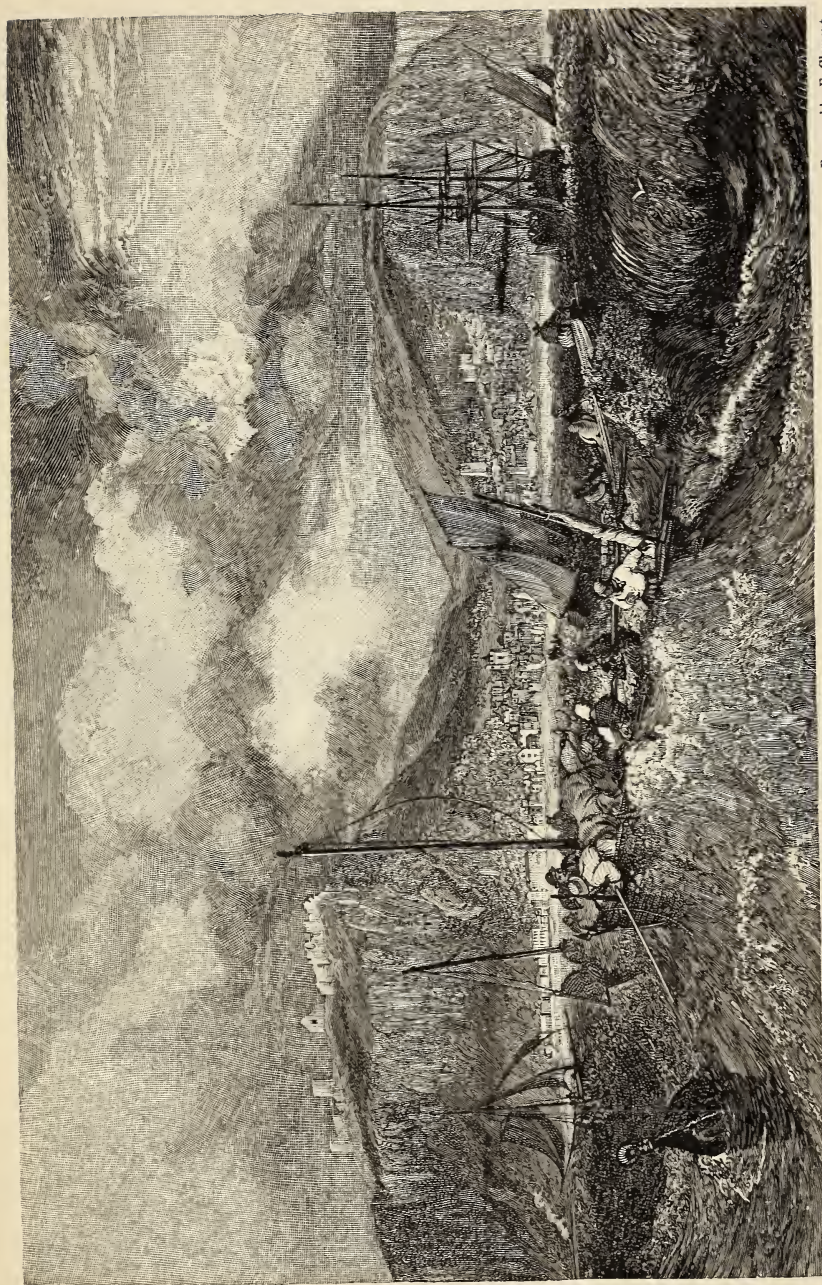
"Seven feet of earth for a grave," was the answer.

"No more?" returned the brother with a smile. 20

"The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

He did so very soon. And such a fight King 25 Harold led that day, that his brother and the Norwegian king and every chief of note in all their host,



From the Painting by J. M. W. Turner

View of Hastings.

Engraved by E. Clement.

except the Norwegian king's son, were left dead upon the field.

The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers 5 all covered with mire from riding far and fast came hurrying in, to report that the Normans had landed in England.

It was true. Duke William's ships had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of them had been 10 wrecked. But now, encamped near Hastings, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out 15 spies to learn what was the strength of the Normans. William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we are, but are 20 shorn. They are priests."

"My men will find those priests good soldiers," answered Harold, with a laugh.

In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and the 25 English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the

country then called Senlac, now called Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose. There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill. A wood lay behind them, and in their midst was the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior, woven in gold
 5 thread, adorned with precious stones.

Beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent
 10 as the dead, clustered the whole English army — every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand the dreaded English battle-ax.

On an opposite hill, in three lines, — archers, foot soldiers, and horsemen, — was the Norman force. Of
 15 a sudden, a great battle cry, “God help us!” burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle cry, “God’s Rood! Holy Rood!” The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

20 There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by
 25 this knight’s hand. Another English knight rode out, and he also fell; but then a third rode out and killed the Norman.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses 5 down. The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the 10 line before his men. This gave them courage.

As they turned again to face the English, some of their Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely. 15

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The 20 Norman army closed again and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English firm as rocks around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows 25 may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still

raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn, a dreadful spectacle, all over the
5 ground.

King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights now dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded
10 king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when
15 lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell — and he and his knights were carousing within — and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold
20 among piles of dead — and Harold's banner, worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood — and the duke's flag, with the three Norman Lions upon it, kept watch over the field.

25 Upon the ground where the brave Harold fell, William the Norman afterward founded an abbey, called Battle Abbey, which was a rich and splendid

place through many a troubled year. But the first work that he had to do was to conquer the English thoroughly; and you must know that this was a thing not easy for any man to do. He overran several counties; he burned many towns; he laid 5 waste scores upon scores of miles of pleasant country; he destroyed a great number of lives. At length, on Christmas day, he was crowned in Westminster Abbey, under the title of William the First; but he is best known as William the Conqueror. 10

It was a strange coronation. One of the bishops who performed the ceremony asked the Normans, in French, if they would have Duke William for their king. They answered yes. Another of the bishops put the same question to the Saxons, in English. 15 They, too, answered yes, with a loud shout.

The noise, being heard by a guard of Norman horse soldiers outside, was mistaken for resistance on the part of the English. The guard set fire to the houses near by, and a great tumult followed. 20 Everybody was frightened, and all who could do so rushed out of the abbey. The king, being left alone with a few priests, was hurriedly crowned. When the crown was placed on his head, he swore to govern the English as well as the best of their own mon- 25 archs. And, if we except Alfred the Great, this he might very easily have done.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

SOME OF THE AUTHORS AND ARTISTS WHOSE WORK
IS REPRESENTED IN THIS VOLUME.

Henry Ward Beecher: American clergyman. Born in Connecticut, 1813; died in Brooklyn, 1887. Wrote "Star Papers," "Norwood" (a novel), "Lectures to Young Men," "Yale Lectures on Preaching."

William Bingley: English writer on natural history. Died in 1832. Wrote "Animal Biography," "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," "Useful Knowledge."

William Blake: English artist and poet. Born in London, 1757; died, 1828. Wrote "Songs of Innocence and Experience."

François Edouard Joachim Coppée: French poet. Born, 1842. Has written several volumes of short stories (*Contes en Prose*) and tales in verse, besides a few successful dramas.

Charles Dickens: The most popular of English novelists. Born at Landport, Portsmouth, 1812; died, 1870. Wrote "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "Dombey and Son," "The Personal History of David Copperfield," "Bleak House," "Hard Times," "A Tale of Two Cities," "A Child's History of England," etc.

George Eliot, the assumed name of Mary Ann Evans (Cross): An English writer of remarkable power, best known by her novels. Born, 1819; died, 1880. Wrote "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Middlemarch," "Daniel Deronda," etc.

Ralph Waldo Emerson: American essayist and poet. Born in Boston, 1803; died, 1882. Wrote "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "The Conduct of Life," "Letters and Social Aims," "Essays" (two volumes), "Poems," etc.

Edward A. Freeman: English historian. Born, 1823; died, 1892. Professor of history in the University of Oxford. Wrote "History of the Norman Conquest of England," "Old English History," "The Ottoman Power in Europe," etc.

Hannah F. Gould: American poet. Born in Massachusetts; died, 1865. Wrote "Hymns and Poems for Children," and other volumes of poetry.

Thomas Hughes: English author and lawyer. Born, 1823; died, 1896. Wrote "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby," "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Alfred the Great," etc.

Francis Scott Key: American lawyer and poet. Born in Maryland, 1779; died, 1843. Wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner," and other poems.

Ivan Kriloff (Kre-löff'): A celebrated Russian fabulist. Born in Moscow, 1768; died, 1844. His "Fables" are the delight of all ages and classes in Russia, and they have been translated into many languages.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: The most popular of American poets. Born at Portland, Maine, 1807; died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1882. Wrote "Evangeline," "The Song of Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," and many shorter poems.

Henry C. McCook: An American naturalist. Born in Ohio, 1837. Has written "The Tenants of an Old Farm," "Honey and Occident Ants," "Agricultural Ants of Texas." He is one of the highest living authorities on ants and spiders.

Thomas Moore: A celebrated Irish poet. Born in Dublin, 1779; died, 1852. Wrote "National Melodies," "Irish Melodies," "Lalla Rookh," and other volumes.

George P. Morris: An American poet and journalist. Born in Philadelphia, 1802; died, 1864. Wrote several popular poems, two of which are included in this volume.

Thomas Buchanan Read: An American poet and artist. Born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, 1822; died, 1872. Wrote "The House by the Sea," "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies," and many short poems.

Mayne Reid: A novelist and writer of books for boys. Born in Ireland, 1818; died, 1883. Some of his books are "The Desert Home," "The Forest Exiles," "The Cliff Climbers," "Odd People."

Samuel F. Smith: An American clergyman. Born in Boston, 1808; died, 1895. He was the author of several lyrics, but is remembered chiefly for the patriotic hymn, "America."

John Trumbull: A famous American painter. Born in Connecticut, 1756; died, 1843. His most important paintings, including "Signing the Declaration of Independence," are in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Nearly all are representations of important events in American history.

Joseph M. W. Turner: One of the greatest of English landscape painters. Born in London, 1775; died, 1851. According to Ruskin, "he surpassed all former artists in the expression of the infinite redundancy of natural landscape." His greatest paintings hang in the National Gallery in London.

Daniel Webster: A celebrated American statesman. Born in New Hampshire, 1782; died, 1852. He was the greatest of American orators, and one of the noblest of American patriots.

Thomas Westwood: An English poet. Born, 1814; died, 1888. He wrote "Beads from a Rosary," "The Burden of the Bell," and other volumes of poetry.

WORD LIST.

THE MOST DIFFICULT WORDS IN THE PRECEDING
LESSONS PRONOUNCED AND DEFINED.

KEY TO THE MARKS OF PRONUNCIATION.

Mark.	Name of Mark.	a	e	i	o	u	y	oo
ˉ	Macron . .	fāte	mēte	fine	nōte	tūbe	flȳ	mōon
˘	Breve . . .	făt	mět	fīn	nőt	tŭb	hȳmn	gōöd
ˆ	Circumflex	fāre	thêre	bôrn	bŭrn
˙	Dots above	ärm	police
˚	Dots below	ăll	đo	rŭde
˙	Dot above .	grăss	sôn
˘	Dot below .	whăt	wolf	push
˜	Wave	hēr	đirt
—	Bar	they

c (unmarked) or e, as in **can**.

ç, as in **çent** = s.

ch (unmarked), as in **child**.

ç, as in **maçhine** = sh.

ch, as in **chorus** = k.

g̃ or g (unmarked), as in **go**.

s (unmarked), except when used at the end of plural nouns or of verbs in the third person singular, *sharp*, as in **so**.

s, like z, as in **rose**.

th (unmarked), as in **thin**.

th, as in **this**.

n̄, as in **in̄k** = ng.

ẓ, as in **ex̄act** = gz.

ph (unmarked), as in **photograph** = f.

qu (unmarked), as in **quit** = kw.

wh (unmarked), as in **white** = hw.

ăb'bey. A building or home for monks or nuns. A church connected with a monastery.

ac côm'plish. To do ; perform ; complete.

ac quîre'. To gain ; win ; obtain.

ăc'tu al ly. Really.
 a dōp'tion. Acceptance.
 a dōrned'. Beautified.
 ad vān'tage. Benefit; service.
 ad ven'ture. A daring enter-
 prise. [suggestion.
 ad vīcē'. An opinion given; a
 af fixed'. Added at the end.
 a ghāst'. Struck with terror.
 ăg'i ta ted. Stirred up.
 a grēē'a ble. Pleasant.
 a kīn'. Related.
 ăl'der man. An officer.
 a light'ed. Got down.
 al lūd'ed. Referred to.
 a māze'ment. Astonishment.
 ăn'vil. An iron block upon which
 metals are hammered.
 ănx'ious. Uneasy; disturbed.
 ăp'pe tīte. Desire for food.
 ărch'ers. Men who shoot with
 bows and arrows.
 ăr'dor. Warmth; great desire.
 ăr'mor. Arms or covering for
 defense. [substance.
 ăr'ti cle. A particular object; a
 as sēm'bly. A company met
 together.
 as tōn'ish ing. Causing wonder.
 a sūn'der. Apart.
 ăt'mos phere (ăt'mos fēr).
 The air that surrounds us.
 at tăch'ment. Affection. [tice.
 ăt tēn'tion (-shun). Heed; no-

ăt'ti tude. Position.
 at trăct'ed. Drawn towards.
 ăwed (ăd). Filled with wonder.
 ăz'ure (ăzh'ūr). Sky-blue.
 băl'lad. A simple song of the
 narrative kind.
 bap tīș'mal nāme. Name given
 to a child at christening,
 bār'bar ous. Savage; cruel.
 ba rōm'e ter. An instrument for
 determining the pressure of
 the atmosphere and proba-
 ble changes in the weather.
 bāse'less. Without bottoms.
 bēach. Shore washed by waves.
 beâr'ings (bâr'ingz). Mean-
 ings; relations.
 bēl'lows (bēl'lūs). An instru-
 ment for driving air through
 a tube.
 ben e dic'tion. A blessing.
 bēv'ies. Flocks.
 be wail'ing. Grieving; weeping.
 blīnk'ing. Sparkling.
 blūs'ter ing. Boasting; noisy.
 bōll. A pod, or seed-vessel.
 bombs (bŭms). Shells.
 bō're al. Northern. [mined.
 bound (I'll be). I am deter-
 brēach. A breaking; dispute.
 brōōd'lings. Little birds.
 browșe. To graze; to pasture.
 būr'row. A hole made in the
 ground by an animal.

bŭs'tle (bŭs's'l). Noise ; great stir.	com'fort er (kŭm'fĕrt er). One who comforts or makes cheerful ; a woolen scarf.
ca noe' (ka nōō'). A small boat driven by a paddle.	com mǎnd'ment. An order ; a charge. [rade ; partner.
cǎn'ter. An easy gallop. [tures.	com pǎn'ion (-yon). A com-
cǎp'tor. One who seizes, or cap-	com pǎs'sion(-pǎsh'un). Pity
ca rou'sing. Drinking ; feasting.	com pĕlled'. Obligated ; forced.
cǎv'al cade. A procession on horseback. [room overhead.	com plāin'ing. Murmuring.
çeil'ing (sĕl'ing). Lining of a	con çĕals'. Hides.
çel e bra'tion (-shun). Act of honoring or celebrating.	cōn'flict. A struggle ; contest.
çer'e mo ny (sĕr'e mō nÿ). A form of civility or religious observance.	con fū'sion (kōn fū'zhun). Disorder ; destruction.
chǎp'el. A little church.	con nĕc'tion (-shun). Union.
chǎrm. A magical influence.	con'quer (kōn'kĕr). To overcome. [conquering.
chīme. A set of bells arranged to ring a tune ; to sound in harmony.	con'quest (kōn'kwĕst). A
choir (kwīr). A band of singers.	cōn'se crāt ed. Set apart to the service of God.
cho'rus (kō'rus). Parts of a song occurring at intervals ; the singers of such parts.	con sīd'ered. Examined.
çiv'ilized. Cultivated ; refined.	con tĕmpt'. Shame ; disgrace ; insolent behavior.
clāimed (klām'd). Demanded.	con tĕnd'ing. Striving.
clŭs'tered. Collected closely together.	con tĕnt'. Satisfied.
cōax'ing. Persuading. [or teeth.	cōn'tents. Things contained.
cōg'wheels. Wheels with cogs	cōn'ti nent. A grand division of land.
cōl'o nies. Settlements made in a foreign country by persons who are still subject to the mother country.	cōn triv'ances. Things planned.
	cōn trived'. Planned ; invented.
	cōn trōlled' (kōn trōld'). Had charge of ; restrained.
	con vĕrt'. To change ; to turn from one belief to another.
	cōr o nā'tion. A crowning.

cõr'ri dors Passage-ways leading
to different apartments.

coun'sel. Advice; opinion. "Took
counsel" = considered.

coũr'age (kũr'āj). Bravery.

crẽv'ic es. Cracks.

crit'ic al. Dangerous; doubtful.

croft. A small field. [ressing.

dāl'ly ing. Trifling with; ca-

de bāte'. To argue; a discussion.

de cẽiv'ing (de sẽv'ing).

Leading into error.

dẽd'i cāt ed. Set apart solemnly
for some particular purpose.

de fĩ'ance. A challenge.

deř'ert. A barren tract; wilderness.

des o lā'tion (-shun). Ruin.

dẽs'per ate. Rash; frantic;
hopeless. [with dislike.

de spĩşed'. Looked down upon

de spoĩl'. To plunder.

de strũc'tion (-shun). Ruin;
overthrow. [solved.

de tẽr'mined (-mĩnd). Re-

de void'. Empty; destitute.

dĩ'a logue (dĩ'à lóg). Conver-
sation between two persons.

dis ap point'ed. Failed of expect-
tation. [fortunate event.

diř'as'ter (dĩř'as'tẽr). An un-

dis clōşed' (-klōzd). Opened;
made plain.

dĩs'cord. Strife; want of har-
mony.

dis cũssed'. Talked about.

dĩř'mal (dĩř'māl). Gloomy.

dis o bey' (dĩs o bā'). To neg-
lect to do what is bidden.

diř şolved'. Melted; separated.

dĩs'taff. Staff to hold a bunch of
flax from which thread is
spun.

dis tĩnct'. Plain; separate.

doğ'ile (dõs'ĩl). Tame; gentle.

dõr'mant. Sleeping.

doubt (dout). Uncertainty.

drẽad (drẽd). Fear of evil.

dwarfs. Very small people.

ech'oed (ẽk'õd). Answered
back; repeated. [being.

ẽlf. A fairy; a small imaginary

ẽl'o quence. Effective speech;
oratory.

em bāt'tled. In battle array.

en âm'eled. Decorated or cov-
ered with a glossy surface.

en dẽav'or. To try; effort.

en er ġet'ic. Determined.

en grossed' (ẽn grõst').

Copied into a book.

en list'ing. Enrolling; entering
on a list. [dertaking.

ẽn'ter prise (-prĩze). An un-

en tĩ'tled. Named; called.

es cort'ing. Protecting.

es tẽemed'. Valued; regarded
highly. [vapor.

e vāp'o rāt ing. Passing off in

ex ăm'ine (ěg zăm'ín). To look into.	gāme. Wild meats for the table ; animals hunted by sportsmen.
ex ȕeed'ing. More than usual.	gauze (gāz). A thin, transparent fabric, generally silk.
ex pē'rience. Knowledge gained by trial ; practice.	ģen'erous (jěn'er ūs). Noble ; open-handed.
ex pres'sion (-shun). A mode of speech or utterance.	ģird'ed. Encircled ; clothed.
ex trăct'ed. Taken from.	glāde. A cleared space in woods.
făl'ter. To hesitate ; to totter.	ģōs'sa mer. A fine, filmy substance, like cobwebs, floating in the air.
fa mī'liar (-yār). Well-known ; common.	ģov'erned. Ruled. [controls.
făm'ine. Scarcity ; dearth.	ģov'ern or. One who rules or
făsh'ioned. Shaped ; made.	ģrăn'deur. Vastness ; greatness.
fěr'vor. Heat ; energy.	ģrăn'ulat ed. Made into grains.
fī'ber. A thread.	ģrāte'ful. Thankful.
fī'nal. Ending ; last.	ģrēet'ings. Expressions of kindness or joy.
fīt'ful ly. Irregularly ; by fits.	ģrěn a dier' (-dēr'). Soldier.
flū'ffy. Like down.	ģrō'schen (ģrō'shěn). A piece of money worth about two cents. [havior.
for bear' (fōr bār'). To delay ; give up ; avoid.	ģuise (ģīz). Cover ; cloak ; begyp'sies (ģīp'sīz). A peculiar race of people who have no settled homes, and live by theft, fortune-telling, etc.
fōre'fă thers. Ancestors.	ģămp'ěr. A large basket for packing.
for'eign (fōr'ín). Distant ; outside ; strange.	ģa'n't. Have not.
fōrge (fōrj). A place where metals are wrought by heating and hammering.	ģăr'di hōōd. Boldness ; pluck.
foun dă'tion. Bottom ; base.	ģăr'bor. A place of refuge or safety for ships.
frīg'ate. A war vessel smaller than a ship of the line.	
fūr'nage. Place for inclosing a hot fire for melting metals, heating a house, etc.	
fūr'row. A trench made by a plow ; a groove.	

här'mo ny. Agreement; concord.	im äg'ina ry (im aj'in ā rŷ).
hāv'oc. Destruction.	Not real; fancied.
hāz'ard. Risk; to risk. "At all hazards" = let come what may.	im pā'tience. Restlessness.
hēad'lōng. Headforemost; rashly. [place.	im pōs'si ble. That can not be.
heārth. Fireside; floor of a fire-heart'ily. Sincerely.	in cā'pa ble. Lacking ability.
hēa'then. An idolater. [grace.	in'ci dent. Event; occurrence.
Hēav'en-rēs'cued. Saved by	in crease (in krēs' or in'-krēs). Growth; addition; enlargement.
heir (âr). One entitled to succeed to property after the death of its owner.	in de pēnd'ence. Freedom from control.
hēl'met. A defensive covering for the head.	in dūlg'ing. Giving up to.
hīl'locks. Small hills. [wages.	in fēst'. To trouble; annoy.
hīre'ling. One who serves for his tō'ri an. A writer of history.	in'flu ence. Moving power; authority.
hōld (of a ship). Interior of a vessel below the lower deck.	in hāb'it ants. Dwellers.
hon'or (ōn'ur). To regard with respect; fidelity; high rank.	in hāb'ited. Having inhabitants.
ho rī'zon. The place where earth and sky seem to meet.	in hēr'it ance. Possessions received by an heir.
hōst. A landlord; a multitude.	in lāid'. Ornamented by the insertion of other substances.
hōs'tler (hōs slēr). One who has charge of horses.	in'stinct. Natural impulse.
hū'mor. State of mind; pleasure. "Out of humor" = vexed.	in strūc'tion (-shun). Information; teaching.
hūsks. The outer covering of certain grains and fruits.	in'ter est. Share; concern; to entertain; engage.
il lūmed'. Made bright.	in'ter est ing. Entertaining.
	in to nā'tion. A sounding the tones of the musical scale.
	in vā sion (-zhun). Trespass; hostile inroad into another's possessions.
	i ron-scep'ter ed sway. Stern, unyielding government.

- jū'bilant. Rejoicing.
- jū'dge. A magistrate appointed to determine questions at law.
- kīn'dred. Relatives; members of the same family.
- knīght (nīt). A title; a man admitted to military rank.
- knowl'edge (nōl'ej). An acquaintance with a fact, truth, or duty.
- lan'guage (lān'gwāj).
Speech; form of expression.
- lēad'en (lēd'n). Made of lead.
- lēague. Friendly treaty.
- lēg'end (lēj'end). A story of the past; a fable.
- lēop'ard. A large spotted animal of southern Asia.
- līv'ing. Estate; means of subsistence; manner of life.
- loi'ter ing. Lingering; delaying.
- lū'na tic. An insane person.
- lū'rid. Pale yellow; ghastly.
- mān kīnd'. The human race.
- mān'tle. A cloak.
- mārsh'y. Swampy.
- mār'tial (-shāl). Warlike.
- mār'tyr (-těr). One put to death for his religion.
- mēa'ger (mē'gěr). Thin; lean; destitute of strength.
- mēch'an ism (mēk'an ĭzm).
The arrangement of the parts of a machine.
- mēl'o dy. A sweet or agreeable succession of sounds.
- mēm'o ry. Remembrance.
- men āg'er ie (mēn āzh'ēr y).
Show of wild animals.
- mēs'sage. Word sent from one person to another. [sages.
- mēs'sen ġers. Carriers of messages.
- mē'te or. A luminous body seen in or above the atmosphere.
- mī'cro scōpe. An instrument for making enlarged images of small objects. [tery.
- mīn'ster. A church of a monastery.
- mīs'sal. A Mass-book.
- mōn'as těr y. A house or dwelling for monks.
- monks (mūnks). Men who retire from the world and devote themselves to religion.
- mōn'ster. Something of unnatural size, shape, or character.
- mōn'u ment. Something standing in remembrance of a person, or past event.
- mōōred. Fastened with cables to the shore; anchored.
- mōōr'land. Waste land covered with patches of heath.
- mōr'tal. A human being.
- mōr'tal wound. A wound that will cause death.
- mōr'tar. A mixture of sand, lime, and water.

move'ments. Motions.
 mŭf'fled. Wrapped in something
 to deaden sound.
 mŭr'mŭr. A low, confused
 sound; to grumble.
 myr'i ads (mŭr'ĩ adz). Tens
 of thousands.
 mys te'ri ous (mĭs tē rĭ ũs).
 Hard to understand.
 nar rāt'ed. Told; related.
 na'tion al (nāsh'ŭn al). Pub-
 lic; belonging to the nation.
 nā'tives. People born in a coun-
 try or place mentioned.
 neigh'bor ing (nā'bor ing).
 Near at hand.
 nērv'ous. Sensitive; timid.
 night'mâre. A distressing sen-
 sation in sleep.
 nō'bles. Men of high rank.
 nōs'trils. The channels through
 the nose. [ported.
 nŭr'tured. Nourished; sup-
 ob lĭged'. "I am obliged to
 you" = I am indebted to
 you; thank you.
 oc cā'sion (ok kā'zhun). A
 favorable time; occur-
 rence; opportunity.
 o pĭn'ion (-yŭn). Decision;
 judgment.
 op pōse'. To resist; set against.
 op pressed' (-prĕst). Treated
 cruelly; overburdened.

out'ly ing. Lying at some dis-
 tance from the main body.
 ō'vāl. Shaped like an egg.
 pāl'lid. Pale; wan.
 pār'a dĭse (-dĭs, *not*-dĭz). The
 abode of the blessed.
 pā'tri ot. One who loves his
 country.
 pāt'ron ĭz ing. Aiding; acting
 as a guardian. [dried.
 pĕm'mĭ can. Meat cut thin and
 pĕr se vēre'. To keep on trying.
 per suāde' (-swād). To influ-
 ence; plead with.
 pĭl'grims. Wanderers; strangers.
 pĭ'ous (pĭ'ŭs). Good; religious.
 plāç'id (plās'id). Smooth; un-
 ruffled.
 plēad. To beg for pity; to speak
 by way of persuasion.
 pō'em. An imaginative composi-
 tion beautifully written.
 poiŕe. To balance; to hold up.
 po līt'ic al. Pertaining to public
 affairs.
 pol lŭ'tion (-shun). Impurity.
 pōr'tal. A door; gateway.
 pos sēs'sion (-shun). Owner-
 ship; something owned.
 prai'ries (prā'rĭz). Wide plains
 covered with grass.
 prānç'ing. Springing or bound-
 ing as a horse in high
 mettle.

pre'cious (prěsh'us). Of great price or value.

pre šerved'. Kept from injury.

prīce'less. Precious ; above price.

prī'or. One who has charge of a priory or abbey.

proc la mā'tion. A proclaiming.

pro dū'ce'. To bring ; to yield.

prōd'uce. That which is yielded.

pro found'. Deep ; thorough.

pro fū'sion (-zhun). Abundance. [face on the ground.

prōne. Prostrate ; lying with the

pro phēt'ic ār'dor. Having the enthusiasm of one who speaks in God's name.

pros'trate. Lying at length ; to level ; overthrow.

pro vīd'ed. Prepared ; supplied.

pūb'lished. Made known ; sent out. [vegetable matter.

pūlp. A moist mass of animal or

pūl'ver ized. Ground.

pūz'zling. Hard to understand.

pŷr'a mids. Solid bodies standing on a broad base and terminating in a point at the top.

quāint (kwānt). Odd ; fanciful.

quar tette' (kwār tět'). A set of four persons who perform a piece of music in four parts.

quest (kwěst). Search ; pursuit.

quips (kwīps). Taunts ; jests.

quiv'ers (kwīv'erz). Trembles ; shakes ; shudders.

quōth (kwōth). Said.

rāged. Was furious ; stormed.

" The battle still raged " = continued furiously.

rām'pārts. The main embankments or walls around a fortified place ; bulwarks.

rān'som. Redemption ; payment made for freedom or pardon.

rāp'ture. Delight ; extreme joy.

rē as sūred'. Assured again ; made very sure.

rē'cent ly. Lately. [atone for.

re dēem'. To ransom ; rescue ;

re flect'ed. Bent or thrown back.

re f'uge. Place of safety.

re fūsed' (re fūzd'). Denied a request, command, or gift.

rē'gion (rē'jun). Country.

re hearsed' (re hērst'). Repeated ; practiced.

reign (rān). Rule.

rein (rān). The strap of a bridle on each side ; to hold in.

re ject'ed. Refused.

reliēved' (re lēvd'). Eased ; lightened ; released.

rēl'ish. To have a pleasing taste ; to taste with pleasure.

re mōn'strāt ing. Speaking against ; objecting.

re mōt'est. Farthest away.
 re nown'. Praise; state of being
 much known.
 re pāir'ing. Mending; restoring.
 re pēat'ed. Said again.
 re pēnt'ed. Felt sorrow or regret.
 re pōrt'. Account; relation; to
 give an account of.
 rep re šent'ing. Acting in place
 of; portraying; exhibiting.
 re prōach'. Blame; censure.
 re pūb'lic. A country in which
 the people make the laws.
 re quired'. Demanded.
 re šēm'bles. To be like.
 re šist' (rē zist'). To oppose.
 re šist'ance. Opposition.
 reš o lū'tion (rēš o lū'shun).
 Decision; purpose.
 re spēct'. Regard; esteem.
 rēst'ive. Stubborn; uneasy.
 re trēat'. The act of retiring; to
 withdraw. [echoing.
 re vērb'ēr āt'ing. Resounding;
 rē wārd'. Recompense; to give
 in return.
 rhyme (rīm). A composition in
 verse; harmony.
 rīd'i cūled. Laughed at.
 rīfe'. Full.
 rīght'eous (rī'chus). Free
 from sin. [boisterous.
 rī'ot ous. Running to excess;
 rī'val. One who is in pursuit of

the same object as another;
 to strive to equal or excel.
 rīv'et ed. Fastened with a rivet
 or small bolt.
 ro mānč'e'. A tale of adventure;
 a work of fiction.
 rūd'der. That by means of which
 a vessel is guided or steered.
 rū'ral. Belonging to the country.
 sal'mon (sām'mun). A kind
 of fish.
 sal ū tā'tion. A greeting.
 scēnes (sēnz). Views; exhibi-
 tions; landscapes.
 schēme (skēm). Plan; plot.
 scythe (sīth). An instrument
 for mowing grass or grain.
 sēa'fār'ing. Following the busi-
 ness of a sailor. [tion.
 sēc'ond ed. Supported the mo-
 sēc'ret (sē'kret). Hidden.
 sēize (sēz). To grasp; take.
 sēnsē'less. Without feeling;
 foolish.
 sēn'ti nel. A watchman.
 se rēne'. Bright; clear; calm.
 sē'ri ous ly. Gravely; earnestly.
 sēt'tle ment. A place newly
 settled.
 shēathed (shēthd). Inclosed
 in a long case or sheath.
 shēēn. Brightness; splendor.
 show'ery. Raining in showers.
 "Showery curls of gold"

- =yellow curls falling softly and abundantly.
- sīm'ī lar. Like. [cords; muscles.
- sīn'ews (sīn'ūz). Tendons;
- sīres (sīrz). Fathers; ancestors.
- sīte. Place; position.
- skew'er (skū'ēr). A pin of wood or metal for fastening meat in place while it is roasting.
- slaugh'ter (sla'ter). The act of killing; butchery.
- slēdge. A heavy hammer.
- smēlt'ing. Melting, as ore.
- sōoth'ing. Calming; comforting.
- sore. "Grieved him sore" = troubled him greatly.
- spēc'ta cle. A noteworthy sight; a glass for aiding the sight.
- spēc'ū late. To buy with the expectation of selling at a great advance.
- sphinx (sfīnks). An image in stone having the head of a man and the body of a lion.
- spīr'it ed. Lively; full of life.
- spōrt'ing prints. "R o o m hung with" = pictures of hunting and racing hung on the walls.
- sprīght'ly. Spiritedly; briskly.
- stāte'ly. Noble.
- stā'tioned (stā'shūnd). Made to stand or stay. [metal.
- stāt'ue. An image in stone or stēal. "Steal away" = to go or take away secretly.
- stīr'rup (stēr'rup). A bent piece of metal or wood to receive the foot of a rider.
- stōres. "Weapons and stores" = weapons and supplies of food and other necessities.
- strānd. Shore or beach.
- sūb dūed'. Overcame.
- sūb lime'. Lofty; noble. [erty.
- sūb'stance. Body; matter; prop-
- suc cēed' (sūk sēed'). To fol- low in the same place; accomplish what is wished.
- suc çēs'sor. Follower. [propose.
- sug gēst' (sūg jēst'). To hint;
- sūit'a ble. Proper; fitting.
- sūm'mon ing. Calling.
- su pē'ri or. Greater.
- sū per stīt'ious. Having exces- sive reverence or fear for that which is unknown.
- sūr'ged. Moved back and forth.
- sūr vey' (sūr vā'). To take a view of; to examine.
- swath. Line of grass cut and thrown together by the scythe. [to direct.
- swāy (swā). Rule; govern;
- tāl'ly hō. A coach.
- tāl'ons. Claws. [cule; jeer at.
- taunt (tānt). To mock; ridi-
- tāv'ern. A hotel; a public house.

- tě'le grăph (tě'le grăf). An instrument for transmitting words quickly to a distance.
- těm'pled. Containing temples or churches.
- těnse. Stretched tightly.
- thānes. Noblemen.
- thēme. Subject; text. [things.]
- thē'o ry. Doctrine; scheme of
- thor'ough ly (thŭr'o lŷ). Fully; entirely.
- thrēshed. Beaten soundly. [ing.]
- thwăck'ing. Banging; thump-
- tīm'o thy. A kind of grass.
- tomb (tōom). Place of burial.
- tō'tal ly. Wholly; altogether.
- tow'er ing. Very high; lofty.
- trăns gressed'. Offended; done wrong.
- trēa'cle (trē'kl). Molasses.
- trēas'ured (trězh'yŭrd). Laid up; highly valued.
- trěnch'er. Large, wooden plate.
- tried. "Seven times tried" = purified, or refined, again and again. [to prevail.]
- trī'umph (trī'ŭmf). Victory;
- trow'el (trou'ěl). A mason's tool for spreading mortar.
- trŭce. A temporary peace.
- tŭ'mŭlt. Great commotion.
- tŭr'bu lent. Disturbed; agitated. [his subjects.]
- tŷ'rant. A ruler who oppresses
- ŭ'ni son. Harmony; agreement.
- un ob ſŷerved'. Not seen or noticed. [without reason.]
- un rēa'son a ble. Immoderate;
- va liŷe' (va lēs'). A small sack or case for containing clothes of a traveler.
- văl'or. Courage.
- văn'quished. Overcame.
- văs'sal. Subject; servant.
- vīc tō'ri ous. Triumphant.
- vīg'or ous. Strong. [be seen.]
- vīŷ i ble (vīz'í bl). That can
- vō'tive. Consecrated; devoted.
- wāin'scoted. Lined with boards.
- wal'let (wöl'let). A knapsack; a small bag. [manner.]
- war'ble. To sing in a trilling
- war'rior (war'yŭr). A soldier.
- wăxed(wăkst). Grew; became.
- wēap'ons (wěp'unz). Instruments to fight with.
- wharf. A platform where ships take and discharge their cargo. [horse.]
- whīn'nies. Cries or calls like a
- whīth'er so ěv'er. To what-ever place. [huts.]
- wīg'wams (-wŏmz). Indian
- wīnd'rows. Lines of hay raked together.
- wīz'ards. Magicians; enchanters.
- wōod'chŭck. A ground hog.
- wrecked (rěkt). Broken to pieces; ruined.

PROPER NAMES PRONOUNCED.

Adele (a dē'lě).
 Ælla (ēl'lā).
 Alban (a'l'ban).
 Amazon (ām'a zon).
 Arabia (ā rā'bī ā).
 Arabs (ār'ābz).
 Augustine (a'gūs tēn).
 Baltimore (ba'l'ti mōr).
 Beornred (bē ōrn'rēd).
 Berkeley Manor (bēr'k'ly mǎn'or).
 Brandon (brǎn'don).
 Brazil (brā zil').
 Britain (brīt'in).
 Canterbury (cǎn'tēr bēr rỹ).
 Christmas (krist'mas).
 Concord (kōnk'ērd).
 Crispin (kris'pīn).
 Daniel (dǎn'y'l).
 Delaware (dēl'ā wār).
 Derwent (dēr'wēnt).
 Dorlcote (dōrl'kōt).
 Draupner (drap'nēr).
 Egypt (ē'jīpt).
 Egyptian (ē jīp'shun).
 Ethelbert (ēth'el bērt).
 Europe (ū'rūp).
 Ezekiel (ē zē'kī el).
 Florida (flōr'ī dā).
 Frey (fri).
 Galilee (gǎl'īlē).
 Granada (grā nǎ'dā).
 Gregory (grēg'o rỹ).
 Gungner (gung'nēr).
 Guy (gī).
 Hardrada (hǎr drǎ'dā).
 Hesperus (hēs'pēr ūs).
 Herodotus (hē rōd'ō tūs).
 Hildebrand (hīl'dē brǎnd).
 Isabella (īz ā bēl'lā).
 Italian (ī tǎl'yan).

Japan (jǎ pǎn').
 La Rabida (lǎ rǎb'ī dā).
 Leicester (lē's'tēr).
 Lexington (lēx'ing tūn).
 Loki (lō'kī).
 Louisiana (lōō ē zē ā'nā).
 Mahon (mǎ hōn').
 Mercia (mēr'shēā).
 Michigan (mish'ī gan).
 Mjolner (myōl'nēr).
 Moors (mōorz).
 Newfoundland (nū'fūnd lǎnd).
 Niña (nēn'yā).
 Normandy (nōr'mǎn dỹ).
 Norwegian (nōr wē jīn).
 Odin (ō'dīn).
 Offa (ōf'fā).
 Ouse (ōoz).
 Palos (pǎ'lōs).
 Perez (pē'rēz).
 Phoenix (fē'nīks).
 Pinta (pīn'tā).
 Rigan (rē'gǎn).
 Rouen (rōō ōn').
 Salamanca (sǎl ā mǎn'kā).
 San Salvador (sǎn sǎl vǎ dōr').
 Santa Maria (sǎn tā mǎ rē'ā).
 Senlac (sēn'lǎk).
 Sindre (sīn'dēr).
 Skidbladner (skīd'blǎd nēr).
 Swegen (swē'gen).
 Teutonic (tū tōn'īk).
 Thanet (thǎn'ēt).
 Thingferth (thīngfērth).
 Thor (thōr).
 Verulam (vēr'ōō lǎm).
 Vincent (vīn'sēnt).
 Wærmund (wār'mūnd).
 Winfrith (wīn'frīth).

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